The Saturday Review of Literature

VOL. XVIII NO. 16 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1938 TEN CENTS A COPY

LITERATURE AND LIFE *By Pearl Buck*

IN THIS ISSUE

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE
Reviews "The Big Four" by Oscar Lewis

BASIL DAVENPORT
Reviews "Between Sleeping and Waking" by Dorothy Charques

GEORGE DANGERFIELD
Reviews "Waterway" by Eleanor Dark

ERNEST BOYD
Reviews "I Follow Saint Patrick" by Oliver St. John Gogarty

JAMES FREDERICK GREEN
Reviews "Blood and Steel" by Bernhard Menne

DAVID H. POPPER
Reviews "Peace with the Dictators?" by Norman Angell

Other reviews by EUGENE LYONS, GLADYS GRAHAM, HOWARD MUMFORD JONES, WILLIAM MAXWELL

OSCAR LEWIS

"Mr. Lewis's story of The Big Four—a study in the higher outlawry—is a book that intelligent Americans must read to know their country." . . .

(See page 5)

POWER OVER OPINION *By Bertrand Russell*

COLLEGE TUSCULUM LIBRARY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OLD MOTLEY

By AUDREY LUCAS

"One is willing to wager that when the most modern of modern novels seems as quaint as 'Pamela' there will still be an audience for such leisurely and intelligent novels as this. It would be difficult to exaggerate one's praise."

$2.50 *New York Times*

WATERWAY

By ELEANOR DARK

"A novel of distinction, a narrative of sophisticated, intelligent people whose blood moves briskly, a refreshing sense of a new, still strange country." That comment, made on Miss Dark's RETURN TO COOLAMI, will apply equally to her new novel.

$2.50

The Serial Universe

By J. W. Dunne

Those who were excited and entertained by this author's AN EXPERIMENT WITH TIME will be eager to see what further glimpses into a world of successive time-dimensions he now provides. The result of seven years concentrated research, this volume is well within the comprehension of the average intelligent reader. $2.00

A SOUTHERNER DISCOVERS THE SOUTH

By Jonathan Daniels

"He offers one of the most gracious, humorous, well-informed, and universally sympathetic accounts of his native land which has thus far found its way into print!"

$3.00 *Sterling North*

The Bright North

By Abbie Huston Evans

A new and mature talent here joins the small group of modern poets of established reputation. This volume of short lyrics reveals a world of poetic experience and the ability to express them with distinctive grace and fire. Miss Evans' verse conveys emotion as well as definite literary patterns. $1.75

FANNY KEMBLE

A Passionate Victorian

By MARGARET ARMSTRONG

"Not only a brilliant portrait of the author, warm, intimate and witty, but of a whole galaxy of other notables and of the larger surroundings in Europe and America."

$3.00 *N. Y. Herald Tribune*

Between Sleeping and Waking

By DOROTHY CHARQUES

Like Miss Charques' previous novel, THE TRAMP AND HIS WOMAN, this is a moving and powerful story, written with unusual beauty of style. Critics have found in it "an intensity not unlike Bronte." $2.50

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY · New York

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Literature and Life

BY PEARL BUCK

"Most of the time till now we never thought: There was always some place else a man could head for." Soundtrack and illustration from Archibald MacLeish's "The Land of the Free" (Harcourt, Brace).

THE contribution of literature to life is so large a subject that to say anything definite about it is like trying to hold two large separate stars in the universe and show their cosmic relationship. What is this cosmic relationship? What, if anything, can literature contribute to the individual to enable him to know how to live in his environment?

The answer to this question depends of course on our definition of literature. Is literature what most people read, or what a few people have written? Are popular magazine stories literature? Are detective stories, romances, wild West tales, true heart confessions, to be included in literature, and is that what we have to think of when we consider how literature contributes to life? Or are we to limit our definition of literature to a few books written by a few dead?

This we do know—most people in America know the mechanics of reading. We are not, of course, the most literate nation on earth. There are several nations where the literacy ratio is a good deal higher than ours, notably Japan. But somewhere along the way, even though formal education does not persist beyond the grades, we have been exposed, though very slightly, to what is considered great literature. We know, too, that most of us do not read very much after all,—or if we read, it is in relatively small numbers. There is, of course, the much talked-of competition with reading—radio, motion pictures, and automobiles, all combine to keep people away from books and literature. A sort of life seems to be coming in which books could be largely eliminated and their loss scarcely noticed. Indeed, it is already here for many people.

All this is true. And yet it does not, I think, matter so much that the mass of the people are never going to read literature. The bits of Shakespeare and Browning and Tennyson—or whatever children have in school now-a-days—are not going to affect them one way or the other. No, we have to acknowledge that literature is never going to contribute to most lives at all. Most people are going to the movies, instead, not to a particular picture, but just to the movies. They will turn on the radio, not to a special program, but just turn it on. They will read newspaper headlines probably, and make a desultory choice out of the lurid array of popular magazines on the stand at the street corner or in the drug store. If a book is talked about a great deal, as a few books a year always are in the United States, they may look into them curiously just to see what it is everybody is talking about. That is all.

I will confess this surprised me at first, since having lived so much of my life in a country where ninety percent of the population was illiterate, I had come to value literacy and to think people would read if they knew how. I see now, after four years of watching my fellow countrymen, that knowing how to read has little to do with reading. People learn to read in order to read advertisements, bills, sport announcements, and news—although printed news does not matter so much since we are getting so many pictorial magazines. Of course in the old days of silent pictures to know how to read was necessary, because of the captions, but now we have talking pictures—and we will have talking newspapers, they tell us, before long—and the radio gives us love and crime and wisecracks.

But not all of us belong to that radio-tuning, movie-going, unthinking crowd. What concerns me is that the intelligent people—the leading people, the people who have brains and whatever we possess of culture and very often of means—they do not read; or if they do, they read too often digests of books and essays and stories rather than the works themselves.

Yet the habitual readers of digests inevitably lose the appreciation of style and grace in language, just as we would lose appreciation of food, its taste and color and texture, if we should take it in the form of chemical pellets. Our physical nourishment might be adequate, but mere physical nourishment from food is not enough. To get the plain meat out of a book or story or essay is to live on dull fare, so insidiously dull that we do not know what we are missing. So it is not enough to get the bare meaning out of a piece of music or of a painting or of a great book. "Mona Lisa" digested is nothing but a woman smiling. A digested symphony is nothing but a group of themes which can be played in five minutes. "Of Human Bondage" is a book without a plot, one which no magazine would accept as a serial, and which could be digested in a few pages of a small magazine.

When these digests are made of literature, people read them and think they know what it is all about. Yet they do not know what it is about. For they have missed that which makes literature. The blue pencil reduces everything to the dead tastelessness of a chemically prepared pellet. That graceful fleeting fancy, that individual quality which is the inherent mark of genius upon every material which it chooses to work upon is lost. People say they are so busy. *I* say, if you have only half an hour, use it not for a hurried survey of the bones of books and magazines, picked for you by someone you do not know, who may have overlooked entirely the one incident,

Next Week

THE MOON IS FEMININE
By CLEMENCE DANE
Reviewed by William Sloane

GREEN WORLDS
By MAURICE HINDUS
Reviewed by John Gunther

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The landscape, for instance, of South Dakota, is in some ways the finest I have ever seen in the world—the most amazing, and the most strange, and the most beautiful."

character, or quality which would have most enriched your reading, but use that valuable half-hour for reading entire, and as it was really written, one thing—a few real pages from a book, or one actual story or essay. You will have more in the end—more real food for thought, and your literary palate will not be dulled by a succession of small dishes prepared by the same cook in the same pot and all tasting alike.

There is, of course, no harm in amusement and diversion. That is a legitimate reason for literature. What concerns me is that educated people are amused and diverted by the ephemeral passing book or story or the smart, silly patter of a columnist, and not by literature. I am not surprised or concerned when Mrs. Jones, the janitor's wife, begs the librarian for a nice book with a lot of things happening but everything turning out all right. But I am concerned when Mrs. So-and-so in Sutton Place, a graduate of the finest schools of our country and wife of one of our leading men, uses her scant leisure, after all the worthy enterprises in which she engages, from Spanish relief to a rally of Republican women, to read—what she does read. That lady once undertook to upbraid an author for writing in a certain popular magazine. Said she, "I picked up a copy of *Purple Shadows* the other day and was astonished to find a story of yours in it. How can you write for such magazines?"

Said the author, "How can you read such a magazine?"

Said she, "My dear, I only do it for relaxation."

Whereupon I began to ponder why when she wants relaxation, she reads what even she considers trash. Why does the cheap, the ephemeral, the highly colored, the falsely romantic, relax and amuse the educated mind instead of boring it? Education, to be sure, has left this mark—it has taught people a sense of shame, so that they know they should have on their tables the great names and books of literature. But these are not what they really read. The threat to literature, the check upon its development is not from the low standards of the many ignorant, but from the low standards of the few intelligent, who more often demand of literature that it shall not be true art rather than that it shall.

There are reasons, of course, for this state of being. Foremost, perhaps, is our often boasted youth.

Culture, of course, is after all a matter of time and long, mellowing age. And collectively we are not old and individually we cling to childhood and its enjoyments. We do not want to grow up. And the reason for this is that the average person in America is not yet interested in life. That is, he is not interested in human nature and its true character. Or perhaps it would be truer to say he is interested in the activities of life, but not in its meaning or its philosophy. He is instinctively frightened of anything like a view of himself and why and how he is. And yet that view, of course, is what literature is.

What do we want when we read? We approach literature with a strange, impossible sort of expectation. We ask, on the one hand, to be supplied with unrealistic romantic ideals so earnest as to be naive, which have, it seems to me, no reality of any kind, either actual or desirable, and on the other hand, we have this childish wish to be amused, or rather to escape from the very restrictions to which we cling. We ask to be uplifted and—or—amused—if possible, a little of both at the same time. Yet literature, it seems to me, has nothing essentially to do with either of these things, except incidentally. Literature cannot have as its function the satisfaction of moralism nor the wish to escape from it if it must deal simply with life as it is.

I read modern American novels rather assiduously, as a matter of interest, and I find further evidence of what I have been trying to say in the lack of interest in life. The characters are almost universally subordinated to the incident and environment. That is, what apparently interests readers is how much characters hop, skip, and jump, and not how they feel and are. Characters are instantly recognizable types—good, bad, funny, pretty, are about all the adjectives needed to describe them. Especially in the so-called regional novels is there evident this poverty of character analysis and development—novels very properly so-called, too, for they are novels of regions—the weather of the regions, the storms, the crops, the animals, the shootings and crimes, and so forth, but never, deeply, the people. There seems in our American literature especially to be no real relationship developed between the region and its people. Yet it seems to me only when that relationship is thoroughly understood and portrayed can the result be even called regional literature.

I have recently come back from a journey through seventeen central states of our country, and as part of my preparation for this trip I read some of the regional novels. I was able to get a good idea of the landscape, of the weather and of the history of various regions, and particularly amazingly good local color, but absolutely nowhere an adequate idea of the people. In all the books the people were the least interesting part because the most slightly developed and the least understood. Yet, even in a journey, it was the people who impressed me. The landscape, for instance, of South Dakota, is in some ways the finest I have ever seen in the world—the most amazing, and the most strange, and the most beautiful. It is on such a scale and so peculiar, as well, that I cannot blame a writer for dwelling upon its shapes, its weather, and its devastations. But to me far more vivid than that terrific landscape were the people who live there—it seems to me they are the most magnificent people I ever saw, dreamers, all of them, those who are left, people held to the country in spite of abject poverty, people who live in the dream of a tomorrow, believing still in the country they cannot but love. They are not really subordinated by the landscape. They tower above it, poor as

(*Continued on page* 14)

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Company, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Noble A. Cathcart, President and Treasurer; Henry Seidel Canby, Vice-President and Chairman; Amy Loveman, Secretary. Subscription, $3.50 a year. Vol. XVIII, No. 16, August 13, 1938. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pioneers of Empire

THE BIG FOUR. By Oscar Lewis. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1938. $4.50.

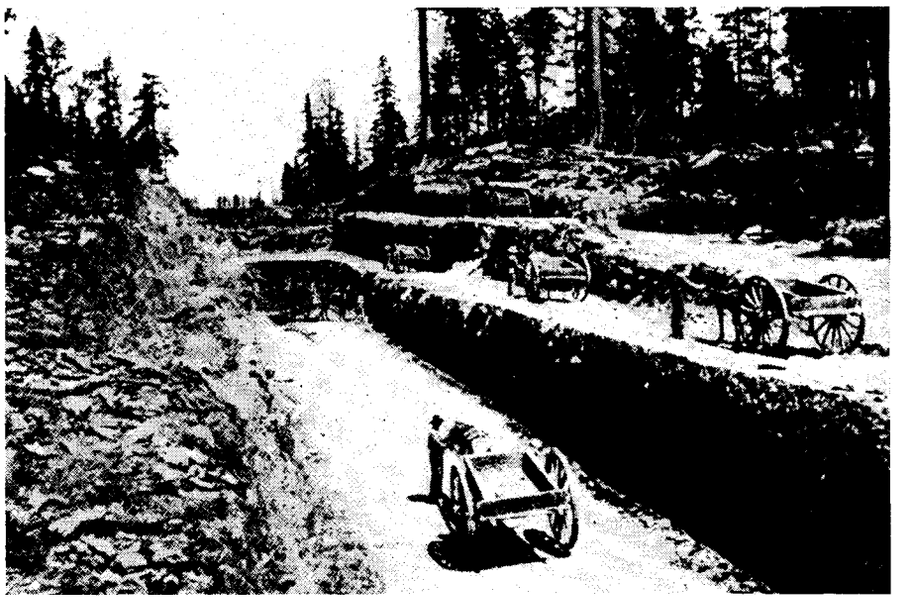
Reviewed by WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

THIS is the story of pioneers, the four men who built the Central Pacific Railroad, the first transcontinental iron highway that spanned this or any other continent. These four pioneers really gave birth to the vision of Theodore Dehone Judah. His eccentric brain had gestated into a considerable degree of maturity the child which The Big Four fathers adopted—Charles Crocker, Mark Hopkins, Leland Stanford, and Collis B. Huntington. They built the Union Pacific across the trans-Mississippi-Pacific country over the mountains through the desert to the Pacific Ocean. Later Huntington became the genius of the Southern Pacific which ran from San Francisco, South and then West, through New Mexico, Arizona, and Texas and across the old South into Washington. Huntington's empire later became Harriman's.

The Big Four built this trans-continental railroad across a territory that had come so recently under Anglo-Saxon law that it was for all purposes lawless. Their project started and finished during the War between the States and the early days of reconstruction following that war. If laws rested lightly on the trans-Mississippi Empire the war and the ways of war wiped out law in what was even then known as the wild and woolly West. The story of The Big Four is the story of men who made their own laws—laws to suit their needs. They were more than pioneers, captains of industry. They were pioneers of industrial method of economic procedure from little business to big business. The practices they established, the customs which The Big Four improvised under necessity from month to month and year to year survived them. While they were building a railroad they were laying down the laws which would control big business in the United States for three decades. These laws were never enacted by Congress or by Legislatures. Big business, which means the capital industries of America in the last quarter of the old century, were set in a hard mortise of necessity. The morals made under those laws were the morals of the jungle. Those laws remained long after the far Western states had come into the domain of the Union Pacific and the Southern Pacific and long after those states and the federal government had set up formal laws under the Anglo-Saxon ideal of morality. These hard laws of necessity took precedence over the written laws. The Big Four and their successors and assigns lived in another world from that where common men walked and worked in the humdrum life of that day.

Mr. Lewis's story of The Big Four—a study in the higher outlawry—is a book that intelligent Americans must read to know their country. It explains the rise of the American plutocracy after the Civil War. The book explains, by example, why the revolts of the Grangers, the Greenbackers, and Populists from the days of Lincoln until the days of McKinley were so futile even though their revolt was so just. It is a gorgeous tale that Mr. Lewis has told. He is a San Franciscan who fought in the World War, has been a contributor to the magazines, and wrote under the title of "Men Against Mountains" in the *Atlantic Monthly*, this same story in an abbreviated form. The new form is vastly more interesting and important than the shorter story. The book leaves little to be desired in its structure, in its swift and engaging style, and its careful scholarship.

William Allen White is editor of The Emporia Gazette.



Courtesy of the California State Library

A railroad cut in the Sierras about 1864—From "The Big Four."

Democratic Czechoslovakia

AT THE CROSS-ROADS OF EUROPE: A symposium by Karel Capek, and others. Prague: PEN Club, by Orbis. 1938.

Reviewed by JOHN PALMER GAVIT

YOU cannot understand what is going on in and concerning Czechoslovakia, more particularly the spirit with which that little nation confronts the pan-German arrogance, without knowing something of the historic background of its people. Masaryk, Benes, Stefanik, dramatically outstanding, represent of course the undying passion of the human spirit for liberty, embodied in rebels and patriots of every people; but there is something special here. For six hundred years and more these Czechs, Moravians, Slovaks have stood upon a kind of island of democratic persistence, surrounded and storm-swept and habitually inundated by just such tyranny as threatens them today. Continuously conquered, persecuted, subordinated as a minority hardly even political, they never have yielded, never have been absorbed as other groups have been absorbed; they have continued through the centuries with all the pride and obduracy of the Jews. Czechoslovakia as a definitely prescribed political entity of boundaries and governmental self-sufficiency is of course the creation of the World War and the resulting dismemberment of Austria-Hungary and parts of Germany; but the spiritual entity is a thing continuous through almost the whole of the Christian era to this day . . . since this people first began to seep in from beyond the Carpathians to take the place of the dwindling population of German barbarians. And from the beginning it has been fighting "Germanism," which all the time has meant the same thing that it means now. But these twenty years of really national life have trained and materially equipped the little nation at what always has been "the cross-roads of Europe" to give account of itself if need be in the test of war. In this notable book well-known Czech and Slovak writers tell the whole story from the beginning, brilliantly, thrillingly. It is an invaluable addition to the growing literature of today's world problems.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Wood near Athens

BETWEEN SLEEPING AND WAKING. By Dorothy Charques. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

"THE SCENE," Shakespeare may tell us, "is a wood near Athens"; but as soon as Bully Bottom comes in, we know better; it is a wood near England. For England lies nearer than any other country to that region, at once earthy and enchanted, where one may meet both yokels as solid as gnarled trees and elves as insubstantial as moonlight, and the English authors who have best known their rustics have also known that magic wood. Thomas Hardy knew it, though only at the more shadowy end where all the spells are evil; and the late Mary Webb, whose country folk are the best since Hardy's, was at the time of her death working on a romance part of which was to take place in the Welsh Marches and part in a place she called "the Land of Betwixt-and-Between."

On the appearance of her first novel, "The Tramp and His Woman," Miss Dorothy Charques was compared both to Hardy and to Mary Webb; and the atmosphere of her "Between Sleeping and Waking" is very like that of Mary Webb's Betwixt-and-Between. The village where Eric Petersen settles to write his book, the public-house gossip, the genially eccentric clergyman, the bitter-tongued rat-catcher who has waited twenty-five years for the woman he loves and who takes her at last, gentleman's bastard and all—these are as sturdily their own everyday selves as anything in George Eliot. But Agnes, the poor young lady whose mind has been touched by the death of her husband in Africa, so that the villagers think she is a mere lunatic, belongs to the land of glamour and sorcery; and so does the whole story of the strange triangle, Eric, Agnes, and Agnes's sister Mary whom he loves. Agnes is a really extraordinary achievement; she is not lunatic, and yet one may turn the word into English and say that she is moonstruck; she lives in a region of the mind which has about it none of the horror of the madhouse, but only the mingled attraction and repulsion of the old Celtic fairy-lands where human beings might be kidnapped, to live for ever in a country terribly beautiful and terribly strange. She might so easily seem merely silly, but she haunts the mind like some old song in a minor key.

Photograph by Army and Navy stores
Dorothy Charques

And yet, remarkable as the book is for making convincing two such divergent atmospheres, it is far from leaving one wholly satisfied. In trying to analyze it critically, one asks oneself why the village idiot is Agnes's illegitimate half-brother. Are they meant to balance, showing the white and the black magic of lunacy? And what is the significance of Africa? Why are we told, not only that Agnes's husband was killed there, nobody knows how, but that her father had always longed to go there? Why is his great map one of the first and the last objects mentioned in the book? And there are other questions one must ask, and cannot answer, about "Between Sleeping and Waking." Perhaps that is why it is so haunting. An old scholar of my acquaintance, who has been interested all his life in psychical research, says that one can tell the difference between the true and the false ghost story by one test: the true haunting always leaves one puzzled as to its meaning.

Twenty-four Hours in the Antipodes

WATERWAY. By Eleanor Dark. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

THIS story covers twenty-four hours in the life of an expensive suburb of Sydney, Australia. It is surprising—it shouldn't be, but it is—to think that there are suburbs in the Antipodes, which the imagination ignorantly fills with only the larger forms of life. But this is a suburb with a difference. It is only in a general way that it resembles Putney or Bronxville. Its shadow is blacker, its light more brilliant, and it seems always about to throw off its domesticity and return to something more primitive. It won't, of course and alas, but the threat is there.

Such, at least, is the impression you get from Miss Dark's novel, and this is its chief claim to success. It has atmosphere and the atmosphere never weakens. The characters, however, are less impressive, possibly because too much has been put upon them. They are under the necessity of revealing, within the limits of one day, what one day scarcely gives so many people a chance to reveal—and that is, their destiny. The author, it is true, concludes with a ferry disaster, which those who have something to live for survive, and those who haven't don't; and thus tidies everything up. But in the meantime, for most of the book, they have to live their lives in a state of tension, as though they were spending their last day together in a condemned cell, with not enough reprieves to go around.

Eleanor Dark

For instance, Winifred discovers that her sister-in-law may possibly provide the evidence—false evidence—which will enable her husband to divorce her. She wants to divorce Arthur and marry Ian, but her child is blind, and she dare not risk losing the custody of it. Meanwhile her father finds that he has cancer, and her sister realizes that Sim, to whom she yielded the night before, is not so important to her as Roger, though more beautiful. Into this pattern, or spider's web, there stumble other characters, all of them in a state of excitement. They meet, casually or for long conversations; they part; they meet again. Then comes the ferry disaster—a very vivid piece of writing—in which people like Arthur die; and you perceive that the snail is, after all, on the thorn.

Miss Dark has not quite succeeded in distinguishing between wilderness and labyrinth, between multiplicity of characters and interaction of characters. The story, like the suburb, sometimes threatens to return to something more primitive—to a mere succession of incidents. But, as you read it, it does seem as if an infinitesimal part of the map of the world had suddenly shivered and come alive; and to have achieved this is, in itself, success.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Going Down O'Connell Street

I FOLLOW SAINT PATRICK. By Oliver St. John Gogarty. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1938. $3.

Reviewed by ERNEST BOYD

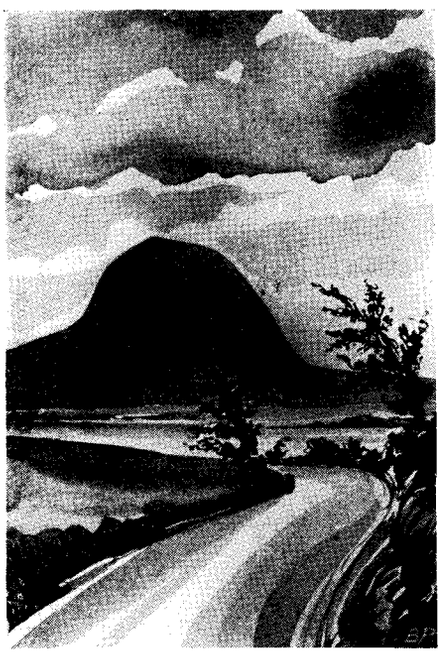
THOSE who know Oliver St. John Gogarty are aware that the charm of his conversation is its allusive garrulousness. It is not the ostensible subject that matters, but the incessant stream of suggestions and allusions which call up a memory or provoke a thought. That was the outstanding quality of "As I Was Going Down Sackville Street," a quintessentially Gogartian tome, masquerading as a chapter of autobiography. Similarly here is an alleged chronicle of Saint Patrick, whose only justification is that it provides the author with a further excuse to be garrulous. I ask nothing better, although my interest in the Irish (or any other) saint is exactly nil.

Dr. Gogarty now invites us to follow Saint Patrick in his missionary journeyings. Personally, I find it easier to follow the allusive Oliver St. John Gogarty—"Sinjun" being a greater lure than Saint John. It is difficult to imagine him as a disciple of that obscure saint, whose birth-place has never been identified and whose movements and activities are almost entirely a matter of legend and conjecture. Fortunately it is not necessary to be interested in Saint Patrick in order to enjoy this book. Those who like the Gogartian method will soon discover that the author is still going down that metaphorical Sackville Street of his. But now that he has become a patriotic Irish son of Mother Church, he will have to call the thoroughfare in question O'Connell Street. As he well knows, one's religion and politics used to be tested by which of these two names one used. Sackville Street was pro-British and Protestant.

Dr. Gogarty does not go into the question as to whether Saint Patrick really did banish snakes from Ireland. Having once acquired two British snakes in order to reintroduce the species, I eagerly awaited evidence that they had flourished, multiplied, and, generally speaking, upset the applecart of the man who is credited with destroying Druidism in Ireland. No evidence of this appears, but the author manages to combine a strange admiration for the saint with an even greater admiration for Tara and all the pagan grandeur which that sacred (in the non-Christian sense) place represents. As he indignantly points out, this historic and hallowed ground is now used for grazing cattle, while our Brooklyn friend, Mr. de Valera, cultivates what Dr. Gogarty calls Woolworth Irish—"call it Gaelic, if you will," is his contemptuous reference.

It was from the top of the mountain Croagh Patrick that the saint was said to have hurled the snakes out of Ireland for ever. So when Dr. Gogarty made a pilgrimage to the summit of that mountain, I expected to hear about snakes—my own included. Instead, I learned something vastly more interesting to American readers, to wit, that the strangest thing about the banner "with a strange device" was the word "Excelsior," which the puffing pilgrim tried to utter. "There is no such word in Latin. . . . It may have been 'altius' Longfellow was trying to say." Thus a learned priest, Father Paddy. Well, Father, the comparative of *excelsus* is *excelsior,* according to Cicero, and the comparative of *altus* is *altior,* according to Cicero, Virgil, and Quintillian. What sort of word is *altius*? Woolworth Latin, maybe?

To all connoisseurs of Irish religious fanaticism I commend Dr. Gogarty's account of an Orangemen's procession on the anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne, July 12. This orgy of anti-Papist hysteria commemorates the victory of the Protestant William of Orange over the Catholic James II. Yet the historical facts give the lie to the exultations of Ulster because, as Dr. Gogarty slyly reminds us,



"Dr. Gogarty has found many opportunities for his allusive and elusive wit and he has written some descriptions of the Irish countryside which are memorable."

William was "a royal legate who, like St. Patrick before him, was confirmed in his mission by the Pope." He goes even further by insisting that these Ulster folk are fifth century Picts and preserve in their orange-colored sashes and other emblems the vestigial remains of Druidism. There is also a lovely irony in the discourse upon the superiority of drum-beating over speech. "Instead of having to transmit ideas by articulate words, they transmit them by inarticulate noises. As a result the primal social condition is understanding."

No book of Dr. Gogarty's would be complete without some quotation from our Dublin Porson, Dr. Tyrrell. This is a good one: "And the worst of it is that trumpery diseases which we never knew we had lift their heads and obtrude themselves the moment you go on the water-wagon." It is such by-products of the author's Saint Patrick pilgrimage which have interested me rather than the subject itself. Dr. Gogarty has found many opportunities for his allusive and elusive wit and he has written some descriptions of the Irish countryside which are memorable. They supply all that the blue poster-like illustrations lack. Why was not Jack B. Yeats, Paul Henry, or Keating entrusted with this task?

Lawyer into World Traveler

THE ROLLING WORLD. By Richard Hallet. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1938. $3.

IN 1912 Richard Hallet was a young lawyer in New York. When he discovered that the average annual income of his colleagues at the bar was minus sixteen dollars, he abandoned the law and shipped on a cattle boat bound for Australia. Chambermaiding cows across several oceans was only a moderate improvement upon the law, so he and his partner Frank Hyde jumped ship in Sydney. From then on, adventure became a part of his life and of his literary stock in trade. He went down the Murrumbidgee River in a homemade boat, shoveled coal in a stokehold, acted as third mate on a foundering old crate of a vessel bound across the Atlantic in wartime, prospected for gold in Canada, and mined copper in Arizona. He listened to the yarns of the miners, sailors, and sheepherders that he met, and wove many of them into the short stories that he has been writing for a quarter of a century.

As an account of good, rousing, often humorous adventure, "The Rolling World" makes agreeable reading. It never quite succeeds in being more than that. The narrative briskness of the early chapters slows perceptibly by the middle of the book, and none of the episodes passes that boundary line between a good yarn and a real experience for the reader. It's a pity, because the author sounds like the kind of man you'd want to know, and you keep wishing the book were better than, in the last analysis, it actually is.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review
of Literature

GEORGE STEVENS..... Editor
NOBLE A. CATHCART..... Publisher
AMY LOVEMAN..... Associate Editor
HENRY SEIDEL CANBY, WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT, CHRISTOPHER MORLEY } Contributing Editors

THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

THE SATURDAY REVIEW cannot assume responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts submitted without an addressed envelope and the necessary postage.

Copyright, 1938, Saturday Review Co., Inc.

The Dilemma of the Novelist

SPEAKING before the summer meeting of the National Council of the Teachers of English not many weeks ago Dr. Lenox Gray of the Teachers College chose for his subject the spirit of New York in the novel and for his thesis the statement that what preëminently characterizes the fiction of America's greatest city, and indeed that city itself, is the fantastic. Fantasy he defines as "the normally incredible, mixed with the real in such fashion as to seem plausible," and he points to the turrets of New York from which the multitude in the streets becomes a swarm of midgets, to the subway trains opening their doors at stations with no hand apparent to control them, to the contrasts of old and new, the enticements held out by the advertisements as evidence that anything can happen in New York. Here the fantastic and the incredible are constantly the real. "For a century and a half," says Dr. Gray, "leading writers in each generation have found New York fantastic; either as incredibly big or as incredibly different from other places, or as incredibly different from its own yesterday." An O. Henry, a Robert Nathan, a Christopher Morley have had this glimpse of a reality that has something of the wonderful about it no less than an Irving, a Melville, or a Howells.

Now all of this is true, but we wonder whether Dr. Gray is not himself being somewhat fantastic, not in ascribing to New York the character he does, or to its writers their reflection of it, but in lifting it out from the rest of America as a phenomenon remarkable for its singularity. For if there is one thing that Americans have always believed, and which has given color not only to their living but to their philosophy, it is that all of their history has been a projection of such stuff as dreams are made on, and that nothing is impossible because everything has proved possible. This is the note that is struck again and again in literature from the tales of pioneering to the stories of business success or the taming of the West, from the chronicles of individuals to those of communities. It has been our strength in the past and is perhaps our menace in the present—this certainty that America is the land of fantastic opportunity where to reap content and safety all that is needed is application and the will to success. Not even the war, though it brought disillusionment in its wake, but only the depression has shaken us from this confidence.

Partly this belief is responsible for the current flatness of most of our fiction which, during the past years of gloom and uncertainty has, as it were, been holding its breath in agitation. To Americans the fantastic is that there should be any halt in their progress. They are filled with amazement that their fields should yield as greatly as ever and the hungry throng the breadlines, that perfected machinery should turn out products that can find no buyers, that money should accumulate in banks because business enterprise is too timid to risk it. This is not their America and they are not yet convinced that it must be. Most men yet live in the belief, no matter how sagely and sadly they shake their heads over a vanished prosperity, that good times are still the destiny of their country and that the present evil day will be of short duration. The moment, they think, may be uncertain but the future is predestined to the ease that has hitherto been normal. Since this is so, it is well to be chary of generalization and prophecy. The masses, and the novelists with them, are in a state of watchful waiting, confused, perplexed, bewildered by what they see about them.

It is a sorry time for the writers of fiction whose job it is not only to capture the popular fancy by interpreting the popular mood but to give order and pattern to social action. They have been reduced for the nonce to more or less ineptitude. Since they are men of intelligence and feeling they cannot but be weighed down and torn by the monstrous things that are happening in the world. In the light of the enormous tragedy of nations the common stuff of their writing—the little happenings of life, the personal problems of the average man and woman—have been dwarfed into insignificance. It is not now even as it was when the World War was raging, when men searched their souls to discover the cause for the downfall of civilization and thought to have found it in a smug unawareness of danger and a self-contentment which was something that the novelist could excoriate. Today the world is awake to the dangers around it but seemingly helpless to avert them. The artist can no longer live in his ivory tower. To do so is impossible in an age which through the advance of science has lost the immunity of isolation. Would Jane Austen, we wonder, have been able to keep the Napoleonic Wars so completely out of her delicious books and her little community so singly in them if the cable and radio had bombarded Steventon with the latest happenings in Egypt or Russia or Belgium? Probably no more so than English country life could have maintained its even tenor if it had not taken weeks instead of hours for the news of the battlefield to reach it.

What is the novelist to do, poor man, caught in the maelstrom of confusion? He cannot, if he lives in America, write at first hand of the sufferings of Europe, nor yet can his heart and mind ignore them. They render trivial the commonplace, foreshorten even the normally significant. He cannot without perturbation look upon his own country, torn with industrial strife and bleeding under the business recession. If he is a romanticist he turns from the spectacle and has half-hearted recourse to history, or fantasy, or the individual; if a realist he buckles on his harness to meet the issue four-square. But the American realist has been weaned on shock from the traditional vision of a land favored of the gods, and sudden disillusionment is little apt to make for balanced judgment. He cannot look upon millions on relief, upon economic warfare, upon divided counsels with a detachment that sees them in perspective; he cannot separate himself enough from the immediate to write of it with dispassionateness. He lacks that clarity of mood, that equableness of mind that are the high potential of literature. Fiction there is today that is interesting, lively, and skillful, but for fiction that is truly distinguished it would seem that we must possess our souls in patience until America has recovered its dream of the fantastic and serenity of outlook, or accepted the impossibility of that recovery and faced into the new day with resolution.

A. L.

Radio Quizzes

THE popularity of the radio programs in which, as in that conducted by Mr. Clifton Fadiman of *The New Yorker*, or the older one carried on by Professor Quiz, the public is invited to take part in the proceedings of a court of knowledge bids fair to be a means of disseminating a vast amount of curious and interesting information. Like the cross-word puzzle it is introducing the public to a variety of esoteric facts, and like that still-honored pastime it is sending them to the dictionaries and encyclopedias. It is a moot question, of course, whether a jumble of uncorrelated information is an asset or a danger, and yet there can be few to deny the superiority of this intellectual entertainment to much of the balderdash and nonsense that comes over the air. There is always the chance that some of the vaccine may take, and that from a rash of curiosity will be born a genuine desire to learn. At any rate here is a parlor amusement in which the listener-in has almost as much fun as the contestant, even if at a distance.

A. L.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters to the Editor: *"The Stuff They're Doing Now Is Queer"*

A Communication

DEAR EDITOR:—I dare to hope that your type-wearied eyes will ope to scan this thing that I have writ,—then feel inclined to study it. You've read quite lately, goodness knows, a lot of verse that sounds like prose; so will you think it any worse to get some prose that sounds like verse? Poet, painter, romanceer,—the stuff they're doing now is queer. An old technique?—they do not trust it, and if they know a rule they bust it. 'Twas once a poet's firm intent to tell his readers what he meant; and in so doing had a notion he might the better rouse emotion. But now our intellects he teases, and words mean only what he pleases. In Volapuk the poet delves, and minstrels mutter to themselves.

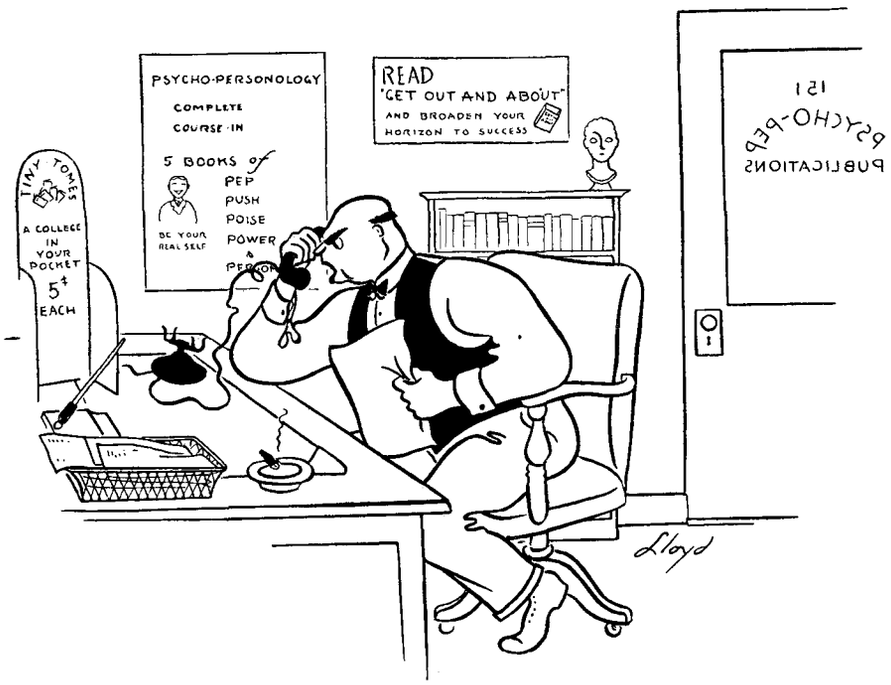
There's many a composition-rule which long ago I learned in school that's now taboo, or deemed a joke, by all these younger writing folk; though every brash young modernist obeys one law with clenchéd fist:—he's bound himself by vow and token to see that every rule is broken. The old-time tale, however rending would sometimes have a happy ending; but now each climax casts a pall or else there is no end at all. Our timid oldsters lacked the nerve to curse in type,—or showed reserve; and acts that Nature half concealed those elder authors scarce revealed, but in true realistic fashion they tiptoed past love's curtained passion. When young imagination frisked to fill in spaces asterisked we kept it underneath our hat,—we knew that life was much like that. Today in all the acts and scenes of hot romance there are no screens. Those functionings that Nature hides by shutting them in our insides, our liver and our lights, et al, our alimentary canal, which once we whispered now we shout; there's nothing left to guess about. The adolescent writer glows with pride at telling all he knows; his effervescence he uncorks to yell that babes aren't brought by storks. And my Victorian spirit squirms as I look up strange bawdy terms.

But now, dear Editor, I'd say another change is on the way. Mankind is cloyed by too much freedom; we yearn for rules because we need 'em; for even Beauty wants her laws, her rules of thumb and primal cause. We play a better game, in short, of tennis when there is a court. And so perhaps we near the hour when some young poet, seeking power and setting all his heart upon it, will suddenly invent the sonnet. And we by Beauty thus surprised will see that he is cannonized.

When that day comes and this day goes we shall distinguish verse from prose. These rhymes would then be set aright, or else they'd be returned on sight. The pendulum of fashion swings, in art-forms as in other things; and I for one shan't cry alack to see it gently swinging back. When poetry is no more a slattern in dowdy dress without a pattern; when scorned romance once more emerges, you'll hear three cheers from

JOHNSON (BURGES).

Schenectady, N. Y.



"That sucker list you sold me!—What's it mean MY name's on it?"

What's in a Syllable

SIR:—It is regrettable that Mr. Embree in his otherwise excellent article: "Can College Graduates Read?" (July 16) uses loosely the words "scholastic" and "scholasticism." In Mr. Embree's usage these words signify either learning without relation to life or rote learning. "Scholastic" and "scholasticism," however, do not primarily mean these things. The first meaning given by the "Desk Standard Dictionary" is: "pertaining to or characteristic of scholars, education or schools." The second meaning given is: "pertaining to or characteristic of the medieval schoolmen, hence precise, pedantic." Mr. Embree is clearly using the words in the second sense, but even here he is not precise, because we cannot by any logic identify "scholastic" or "scholasticism" with the methods of those teachers who, in the decline of scholasticism, lost touch with reality. "Scholastic" and "scholasticism" are time-honored words which should be used in the light of their full historical significance.

CHRISTOPHER J. O'TOOLE.

North Dartmouth, Mass.

Help Wanted

SIR:—I wonder if any reader can identify the following extract? It was the sole quotation ever committed to memory (as far as I know) by my father, and it was a standing joke in the family for years. I have tried to identify it without success, and it finally occurred to me that some *S.R.L.* reader might recognize it.

I cannot guarantee the accuracy of the quotation, as it seems inevitable it must have become garbled with the years, but it went as follows:

Stay, jailer, stay, and hear my woe,
She is not mad who cries to thee . . .
For what I was, and what I am
Too well I know . . .

D. C. P.

A Dickens Puzzle

SIR:—Thirty-two characters from Dickens are concealed in the following lines. How many can you identify?

"The tranquil ploughman hampered by the gorse,
Straddles his steed to steer forthwith his course.
Where from the fern the angler plies his hook
Whilst fishes cute and spry swim in the brook;
By ricks of fragrant and sweet smelling hay,
Which, children, artful dodge round in their play:
Through meads where leaves lie brown, low neathe the trees,
And sheep upon the sward leap in the breeze:
Where bluebells nod, grass waves, and roses blow,
While monks do range the Abbey grounds below.
Where (which is queer) sunflowers and stocks abound
And fairy bells like tiny timbrels sound;
We seem to hear Pan's pipes and idly dream,
Whilst boys drag nests from trees that edge the stream,
Dusk falls, the bright stars twinkle, whilst below,
The empty haywains creak less as they go."

C. G.

Toledo, Ohio.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Dramatic Page of History

WOMEN IN THE SOVIET EAST. By Fannina Halle. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1938. $4.

Reviewed by EUGENE LYONS

THOUGH carried through under the banners of Marxist socialism, the Russian Revolution was in fact a complex of many revolutions on different economic, social, and intellectual planes. It meant one thing to the urban population, another to the peasantry, and something quite unrelated to the nomads in Central Asia, the primitive tribes of the Siberian Far North, or the patriarchal society in Uzbekistan or Kirghizia. To say that the revolution "failed" or "succeeded" means exactly nothing, since there is no yardstick that applies to all phases of the cataclysmic change. Over and above the specific objectives of the Bolshevik seizure of power, the revolution became the historical instrument for purposes far outside Marxism as such—the industrialization of a backward country, the destruction of religious institutions, the introduction of elementary Western ideas into the Mohammedan areas of Asiatic Russia.

Dr. Fannina Halle has made herself the historian, and in large measure the paean-singer, of one of the most significant aspects of the multiple revolution: the enlightenment of women, first in her "Women in Soviet Russia," and now in "Women in the Soviet East." In the latter she has written a fascinating survey of the position of women in the Russian East, past and present, as well as a dramatic chronicle of the process of transformation. She has dug deeply into historical and literary sources, and supplemented her findings with her own observations in trips through the area. The result is an entirely readable, richly informative volume that seems to this reviewer a laudable contribution to the immense literature on the Russian Revolution. The Kremlin may be knee-deep in the blood of its fantastic purges and its socialism a tragic burlesque of the hoped-for society; but the torrential forces let loose by the revolution are at work in many areas of Russian life. Their effects on the primitive societies in Central Asia, and especially upon the Oriental women, have been especially shattering, and Dr. Halle depicts that phase in detail. "Nowhere," as she says, "is the gulf between yesterday and today wider." For the women of the Soviet East it has been

> a regenerative mass movement embracing all classes from the bottom upwards, a real uprising of the masses. And it really is a transformation in a single night from a creature hardly distinguishable from a domestic animal to a full member of the community, self-reliant and conscious of her strength, progressive and capable of development; it is a true attainment of human stature, a new creation.

As Dr. Halle points out, the process is far from complete. "The tide of enlightenment has not reached all sections of the population equally; millions of women are still dragging on a life unworthy of human beings, but on the road they have once entered there is no turning back, and emancipation proceeds irresistibly in all spheres of economic, social and cultural life." It has been a melodramatic process, since millennia-old ways of life do not yield easily. Even such symbolic movements as the unveiling of the Eastern women have been painful and bloody—scarcely the holiday show of the propagandist versions.

The enlightenment of Eastern women, of course, is not a purely Russian phenomenon. It has manifested itself in Turkey, Persia, Afghanistan, and elsewhere. But in the Soviet Union it has been more intensive and certainly on a wider scale, because the domestic emancipation has been part of larger transformations, political and economic, affecting men as well as women.

The author is inclined to hallelujah-shouting in her enthusiasm for the transformation, and she seems unaware of the old-fashioned Russian imperialist elements in the picture, sufficiently evident even to the naked eye at the time this reviewer travelled through Central Asia. But in essence her story is true. It is a gripping story, crowded with startling information, dramatic personalities, and pre-views of a possible future.

Eugene Lyons, for many years a newspaper correspondent from Russia, is the author of "Assignment to Utopia."

"For the women of the Soviet East [the Revolution] has been a regenerative mass movement embracing all classes." From "The Land Without Unemployment" (International).

Norwegian Days

STOREVIK. By Gosta af Geijerstam. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 1938. $2.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM

NEWS from Norway. How cool and bright and unhurried it seems in these books by Gosta af Geijerstam. Last year we had the translation of "Northern Summer" which told of that fortunate isle in the fjords where the Geijerstam family spent their enchanted season and where "Storevik" spread its pleasant acres to the sun. Now we are with them once more, for a longer sojourn this time—from the moment of the first pale cowslips of early spring, the "yellow buds amidst the withered grass and rotted leaves," which marks the happy passing of the winter, through the drowsy, hay-scented summer, right up to Christmas with the snow glittering on the ground outside and the juniper needles, scarcely less bright, spread over the polished floors within.

Plot there is none. For story there runs the even sequence of the days, multifarious inconsequential happenings, morning chores, flower hunts, fishing trips ("There were fish there—fat lively ones, bright as silver with red gills"), the snake suddenly come upon with its "cold, black eyes . . . beneath the eye's wicked arch," and more important incidents—the building of the house, the unexpected run of fish providing food for cat and man with the surplus converted into cash against the winter, the setting out of trees whose leaves shall shade the children of these children's children, the unearthing of the stone axe-head worn smooth in the service of this father's fathers' fathers.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Storevik shelters a family. The parents and children are as real in their relationship as they are in their separate existences. The "family" ceases to be a problem here and becomes a delight. Analysis gives way to re-creation. The days seem full of children: the boys, Pelle, Svante, Peter Lorentz, and Golle,—the girls, Britt and Sunniva, full of laughing good intent but with so many island temptations to explorations and dallyings. Not story-book children, not goody-goodies, but sun-browned little actualities pursuing their unpredictable ways, intent and unselfconscious.

The bright days fall from the season, the air grows clear and cooler, sun glints on the snow-covered fields, nights deepen and sharpen with stars on the knife-edged waves, and always the good smell of fire indoors. One closes the book regretfully on the Story of Nore Family Geijerstam.

Life in the Suburbs

BED AND BOARD. By Virginia Bird Martin. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1938. $2.

HERE is a very readable first novel about suburban young marrieds. Mrs. Martin writes about her characters with the ring of authenticity. Their talk, their parties, their drinking, their rather haphazard love-making with each other's wives and husbands, their two children to a couple and their awful boredom (the root of the trouble) all are typical of a certain age-group in almost any prosperous suburb.

Mrs. Martin's heroine, Miriam Lacey, who still has her remnants of old-fashioned prudery, finds herself vaguely and uncomfortably dissatisfied with the life she and her husband are leading and, as a matter of fact, in the home at least it couldn't be less pleasant. Though the author's contention seems to be that Miriam and her Willis really care for each other in a married sort of way, they hardly ever exchange a civil word, and to the casual reader their misunderstandings might well seem deep-rooted not to say bitter. When, however, Miriam fiinds irrefutable proof that her husband has been unfaithful to her, she takes refuge in doing likewise with a man with whom she has been slowly drifting into love. What the real outcome of her experiment might have been the reader never knows because the book, which until now has been convincing and interesting, is suddenly thrown into dire confusion by a sort of tragic deus ex machina ending which I think is supposed to show that husbands and wives stick together, but which unfortunately doesn't succeed in its purpose.

Kate O'Brien

Modern Ireland in a Salty Novel

PRAY FOR THE WANDERER. By Kate O'Brien. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

THIS novel introduces the American reader to an aspect of modern Irish life not commonly pictured in fiction—the life of the cultivated middle class. The Costellos of Mellick in the Vale of Honey own and operate an excellent agricultural establishment in the fashion of intelligent gentlemen farmers. To them returns Matt Costello, novelist and playwright, going home to recuperate from the refusal of his mistress to divorce her husband and marry him. Tempted to change his way of life and settle down among his own people, Matt proposes to the intelligent, virginal, and Catholic Nell, is refused, and departs. The three adjectives are all important to an understanding of Nell's character—she has brains, she holds herself proudly, even romantically, aloof from sexual promiscuity, and she accepts the teachings of her faith. A difficult character to realize, Nell is the most remarkable creation in the book.

Deeper than the personal problem of Matt Costello lies the theme of the story. That theme is the conflict between the artist and De Valera's Ireland—an Ireland which, from the point of view of the novelist and playwright, is helplessly in the grip of the most puritanical branch of the Catholic church. Eire is pictured in this book as something like Puritan New England—a land in which a church-enforced moral code stifles the anarchic imagination of the writer. Tempted as he is by the solid comfort, the charm of family life, and the beauty of his native land, Costello finally flees from it as, in actual life, other novelists have had to do.

Slight though the fable is, it suffices for the book, which is a novel of situation in the Jamesian sense without the Jamesian preciousness. The plot exists to bring in fine things. Ireland appears to be the last home of intelligent conversation, and the conversation in "Pray for the Wanderer," without any special straining after wit, is of that salty sort, half mystical, half mocking, which Irish novelists alone produce.

The narrative and reflective portions of the book are sensitively written. Only at the climax—Matt Costello's proposal—is there a straining after effect. Elsewhere the texture of the writing is solid and fine. Probably "Pray for the Wanderer" will not appeal to those readers who demand the big bow-wow strain, but persons who like to discriminate in their reading ought to like it.

Storms of Adolescence

DIVIDE BY TWO. By Mildred Gilman. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1938. $2.

Reviewed by WILLIAM MAXWELL

ROBERT PRENTICE was lucky enough to have two fathers and two mothers. That is what his own mother and father told him after they were divorced and had married other people. That is what Robert tried to tell his friends at school when they questioned him. But he was thirteen, he was at a difficult age, and he could not forget how things were when he had merely the usual number of parents and they had all lived together in New York City. At that time the three of them had been perfectly happy, or so it seemed to him. And he kept hoping that his father and mother would suddenly break up their separate homes and go back to their old apartment.

Mildred Gilman

Most of the year Robert lived in Connecticut with his mother and his stepfather and his new little brother. By rights he should have been happy there but he felt, in a way not exactly clear to him, an outsider. His stepfather was always catching his mother and kissing her, or making a drink for her. They had something apparently that was not shared with him. They were in love with each other. When he went to visit his father in Hoboken it was not satisfactory either. There was not even a bed for him. His father and his stepmother were glad to have him, of course, but they were expecting a baby, in a short time, and they spoke of the place where Robert lived in Connecticut as his "home." It is not surprising that, caught in such a set of circumstances, Robert should become a problem child and go off the deep end. But neither is it, as perhaps Miss Gilman would have us believe, inevitable. Given a less emotional mother, a less whimsical father, Robert might have weathered the storms of adolescence safely, in spite of the family's separation.

All such considerations aside, however, "Divide by Two" is an intelligent and honest book. Though Miss Gilman's approach is emotional, she has also done some good reporting. She knows a great deal about thirteen-year-old boys, and she writes about Robert as lovingly as if he were her own son.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Arms and the Reich

BLOOD AND STEEL. The Rise of the House of Krupp. By Bernhard Menne. New York: Lee Furman, Inc. 1938. $3.

Reviewed by JAMES FREDERICK GREEN

THIS is the type of book which one has to take partly on faith, for it is almost impossible to verify all of its facts and interpretations. In addition to the many books and periodicals cited in his bibliography, the author has relied upon both personal experience and private documents. Many of his accusations can be substantiated in other works on the arms trade, while some must be accepted without documentary proof as being inherently reasonable. When so much smoke pours forth from the Krupp works at Essen, there must be some fire to be discovered.

There can be little doubt that the house of Krupp would rank high in any compilation of Germany's sixty families. Mr. Menne presents a history of this powerful family from the late sixteenth century to the present time, with emphasis upon events of the past fifty years. Having been an employee at the Krupp works, he is able to provide unusual insight into the labor policies of the industry. He has obviously done tremendous research into the affairs of the Krupp household, bringing forth some unsavory details of personal and financial transactions, and presents his material in effective fashion, embellished with a number of photographs of family and factory. Mr. Menne yields to the natural temptation of painting his portraits in uncompromising black and white, representing the Krupps as an unbroken line of ruthless and greedy industrialists.

This is a book well worth reading and contemplating. The central theme, dealing with the dangers common to the private manufacture and trade in armaments, cannot be stressed too frequently for our safety. Mr. Menne tells again the horrid tale of these "merchants of death" who fomented war scares and fought for markets, and in the World War traded with immunity with both ally and enemy. Interestingly enough, the English edition of this book, published last year, omits several paragraphs which emphasize the relations between Krupp and Vickers-Armstrong. The British firm fitted thousands of its shells with German patent fuses: "at 1 shilling 3d. per grenade Vickers-Armstrong's four-year production summed up to a total of 123 million shillings owing to Essen."

Even more important than this friendly coöperation across the battlefield is the influence which the arms manufacturer has upon government policy. From Hohenzollern to Hitler the Krupp family has profited in the name of patriotism, and by its financial power and political influence has carried along politicians and public into demand for ever greater (and more expensive) weapons. Certainly no manufacturer could desire any larger single order than the production and supply of "Big Bertha," the gigantic gun which shelled Paris at a range of eighty miles; it fired a shot, costing 35,000 marks, every twenty minutes from March 23 to August 9, 1918!

Of particular interest to Americans is the relation of the Krupp empire to the economic and political life of Germany, for we are dealing with similar problems at the present moment. Here we find words like "monopoly" and "finance capitalism" becoming alive in the form of actual human beings; and "labor relations" turn out to be unceasing opposition to unionization, as well as intimidation and espionage among the workers, and wages which never compare to dividends. However much one may desire the Krupp version of these events, there are many accusations which cannot be met and many crimes which cannot be explained away.

Innocence or Guilt?

NOT GUILTY. Report of the Commission of Inquiry into the Charges Made Against Leon Trotsky in the Moscow Trials. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1938. $2.75.

REVIEWING a book about Soviet Russia, especially with regard to the current Stalin-Trotsky controversy, is only slightly less dangerous than writing the book itself. Whatever one says, as Mr. Eugene Lyons and others have discovered, will most certainly be held against him by some friend or enemy of the Soviet regime. In the whole field of international affairs there is probably no subject which contains so few verifiable facts and so much emotional partisanship as the recent Soviet trials. To ascertain the innocence or guilt of the Old Bolsheviks and to evaluate the Soviet system of justice has become for the fair-minded liberal a futile and thankless task.

"Not Guilty" is the report of a commission of eleven distinguished liberals —including Professor John Dewey as chairman, Mr. John Chamberlain, Mr. Benjamin Stolberg, and Miss Suzanne La Follette—regarding the charges made against Leon Trotsky and his son, the late Leon Sedov. The testimony of Trotsky himself, taken in Mexico by a preliminary commission, has been published already as "The Case of Leon Trotsky." This supplementary volume contains evidence collected in New York and Paris from Sedov and others. The verdict of the commission is a unanimous declaration that the Moscow trials were frame-ups and that Trotsky and Sedov were innocent of conspiring against the Soviet Union.

From the evidence submitted in this book there can be no question that many of the extravagant charges against Trotsky are false. It is also obvious that the procedure used in the trials is highly questionable and that the so-called confessions form the weakest element in the Soviet case. To concur in this general judgment of the commission of inquiry is not, however, to acquit the politicians and generals who have been tried and executed. The Stalin government undoubtedly has been faced with widespread opposition and intrigue, and has felt it necessary to take drastic action in view of German and Japanese hostility. This struggle for power among rival factions and among older and younger revolutionists is still too obscure for the foreign observer to express a fair opinion. One can only hope that these personal and party conflicts can be quickly resolved so that the most interesting economic and social experiment of our century can proceed in peace.

This commission of inquiry and the publisher have done the future historian a great service in making available some of the pertinent data upon which a complete analysis can eventually be made. The book contains such a mass of material, arranged in numbered paragraphs, that the average reader will be hard put to it to see the story as a whole. Throughout the long narrative he will at least sense the complexity and confusion of this great controversy and realize the difficulty of rendering any final judgment at the present time.

To Vera

By GEORGE STERLING

O SWEET, wild, woodland grace!
Goddess and girl!
Whose solitary face,
Pure as the moonlight's insubstantial pearl,
Is love's one flow'r
Deep set in Eden's bow'r

Not in this ashen day
Thy steps should be—
This weary age grown grey;
But where the choral voices of the sea
Filled with their peace
The dryad-hours of Greece.

O starry soul of youth!
O veins divine
Fed from the breasts of Truth!
The garlands of the beautiful are thine,
But o'er thy brow
Time's shadow trembles now.

The foregoing poem is one of a collection of hitherto unpublished poems by George Sterling. This collection will be published by the Oxford University Press under the title, "Poems to Vera."

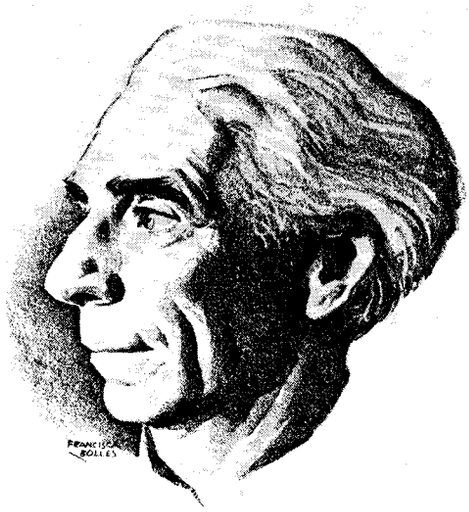
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*BOOK PREVIEW**

Power Over Opinion

An Inquiry into Cause and Effect

BY BERTRAND RUSSELL



Bertrand Russell

IT is easy to make out a case for the view that opinion is omnipotent, and that all other forms of power are derived from it. Armies are useless unless the soldiers believe in the cause for which they are fighting, or, in the case of mercenaries, have confidence in the ability of their commander to lead them to victory. Law is impotent unless it is generally respected. Economic institutions depend upon respect for the law; consider, for example, what would happen to banking if the average citizen had no objection to forgery. Religious opinion has often proved itself more powerful than the State. If, in any country, a large majority were in favor of socialism, capitalism would become unworkable. On such grounds it might be said that opinion is the ultimate power in social affairs.

But this would be only a half-truth, since it ignores the forces which cause opinion. While it is true that opinion is an essential element in military force, it is equally true that military force may generate opinion. Almost every European country has, at this moment, the religion which was that of its government in the late sixteenth century, and this must be attributed mainly to the control of persecution and propaganda by means of the armed forces in the several countries. It is traditional to regard opinion as due to mental causes, but this is only true of the immediate causes: in the background, there is usually force in the service of some creed.

Per contra, a creed never has force at its command to begin with, and the first steps in the production of a widespread opinion must be taken by means of persuasion alone.

We have thus a kind of see-saw: first, pure persuasion leading to the conversion of a minority; then force exerted to secure that the rest of the community shall be exposed to the right propaganda; and, finally, a genuine belief on the part of the great majority, which makes the use of force again unnecessary. Some bodies of opinion never get beyond the first stage, some reach the second and then fail, others are successful in all three. The Society of Friends has never got beyond persuasion. The other Nonconformists acquired the forces of the State in the time of Cromwell, but failed in their propaganda after they had seized power. The Catholic Church, after three centuries of persuasion, captured the State in the time of Constantine, and then, by force, established a system of propaganda which converted almost all the pagans and enabled Christianity to survive the Barbarian invasion. The Marxist creed has reached the second stage, if not the third, in Russia, but elsewhere is still in the first stage.

There are, however, some important instances of influence on opinion without the aid of force at any stage. Of these the most notable is the rise of science. At the present day, science, in civilized countries, is encouraged by the State, but in its early days this was not the case. Galileo was made to recant, Newton was estopped by being made Master of the Mint, Lavoisier was guillotined on the ground that "la Republique n'a pas besoin de savants." Nevertheless these men, and a few others like them, were the creators of the modern world; their effect upon social life has been greater than that of any other men known to history, not excluding Christ and Aristotle. The only other man whose influence was of comparable importance was Pythagoras, and his existence is doubtful.

It is customary nowadays to decry reason as a force in human affairs, yet the rise of science is an overwhelming argument on the other side. The men of science proved to intelligent laymen that a certain kind of intellectual outlook ministers to military prowess and to wealth; these ends were so ardently desired that the new intellectual outlook overcame that of the Middle Ages, in spite of the force of tradition and the revenues of the Church and the sentiments associated with Catholic theology. The world ceased to believe that Joshua caused the sun to stand still, because Copernican astronomy was useful in navigation; it abandoned Aristotle's physics, because Galileo's theory of falling bodies made it possible to calculate the trajectory of a cannon-ball; it rejected the story of the flood because geology is useful in mining; and so on. It is now generally recognized that science is indispensable both in war and in peace-time industry, and that, without science, a nation can be neither rich nor powerful.

All this effect on opinion has been achieved by science merely through appeal to fact: what science had to say in the way of general theories might be questionable, but its results in the way of technique were patent to all. Science gave the white man the mastery of the world, which he has begun to lose only since the Japanese acquired his technique.

From this example, something may be learnt as to the power of reason in general. In the case of science, reason prevailed over prejudice because it provided means of realizing existing purposes, and because the proof that it did so was overwhelming. Those who maintain that reason has no power in human affairs overlook these two conditions. If, in the name of reason, you summon a man to alter his fundamental purposes—to pursue, say, the general happiness rather than his own power—you will fail, and you will deserve to fail, since reason alone cannot determine the ends of life. And you will fail equally if you attack deep-seated prejudices while your argument is still open to question, or is so difficult that only men of science can see its force. But if you can prove, by evidence which is convincing to every sane man who takes the trouble to examine it, that you pos-

* *The Saturday Review* this week presents a chapter from Bertrand Russell's "Power" to be issued in late September by W. W. Norton & Co.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sess a means of facilitating the satisfaction of existing desires, you may hope, with a certain degree of confidence, that men will ultimately believe what you say. This, of course, involves the proviso that the existing desires which you can satisfy are those of men who have power or are capable of acquiring it.

So much for the power of reason in human affairs. I come now to another form of unforceful persuasion, namely, that of the founders of religions. Here the process, reduced to its bare formula, is this: if a certain proposition is true, I shall be able to realize my desires; therefore I wish this proposition to be true; therefore, unless I have exceptional intellectual self-control, I believe it to be true. Orthodoxy and a virtuous life, I am told, will enable me to go to heaven when I die; there is pleasure in believing this, and therefore I shall probably believe it if it is forcibly presented to me. The cause of belief, here, is not, as in science, the evidence of fact, but the pleasant feelings derived from belief, together with sufficient vigor of assertion in the environment to make the belief seem not incredible.

The power of advertisement comes under the same head. It is pleasant to believe in so-and-so's pills, since it gives you hope of better health; it is possible to believe in them, if you find their excellence very frequently and emphatically asserted. Non-rational propaganda, like the rational sort, must appeal to existing desires, but it substitutes iteration for the appeal to fact.

The opposition between a rational and an irrational appeal is, in practice, less clear-cut than in the above analysis. Usually there is *some* rational evidence, though not enough to be conclusive; the irrationality consists in attaching too much weight to it. Belief, when it is not simply traditional, is a product of several factors: desire, evidence, and iteration. When either the desire or the evidence is nil, there will be no belief; when there is no outside assertion, belief will only arise in exceptional characters, such as founders of religions, scientific discoverers, and lunatics. To produce a mass belief, of the sort that is socially important, all three elements must exist in some degree; but if one element is increased while another is diminished, the resulting amount of belief may be unchanged. More propaganda is necessary to cause acceptance of a belief for which there is little evidence than of one for which the evidence is strong, if both are equally satisfactory to desire; and so on.

It is through the potency of iteration that the holders of power acquire their capacity of influencing belief. Official propaganda has old and new forms. The Church has a technique which is in many ways admirable, but was developed before the days of printing, and is therefore less effective than it used to be. The State has employed certain methods for many centuries: the King's head on coins; coronations and jubilees; the spectacular aspects of the army and navy, and so on. But these are far less potent than the more modern methods: education, the press, the cinema, the radio, etc. These are employed to the utmost in totalitarian States, but it is too soon to judge of their success.

I said that propaganda must appeal to desire, and this may be confirmed by the failure of State propaganda when opposed to national feeling, as in large parts of Austria-Hungary before the war, in Ireland until 1922, and in India down to the present time. Propaganda is only successful when it is in harmony with something in the patient: his desire for an immortal soul, for health, for the greatness of his nation, or what not. Where there is no such fundamental reason for acquiescence, the assertions of authority are viewed with cynical skepticism. One of the advantages of democracy, from the governmental point of view, is that it makes the average citizen easier to deceive, since he regards the government as *his* government. Opposition to a war which is not swiftly successful arises much less readily in a democracy than under any other form of constitution. In a democracy a majority can only turn against the government by first admitting to themselves that they were mistaken in formerly thinking well of their chosen leaders, which is difficult and unpleasant.

Systematic propaganda, on a large scale, is at present, in democratic countries, divided between the churches, business advertisers, political parties, the plutocracy, and the State. In the main, all these forces work on the same side, with the exception of political parties in opposition, and even they, if they have any hope of office, are unlikely to oppose the fundamentals of State propaganda. In the totalitarian countries, the State is virtually the sole propagandist. But in spite of all the power of modern propaganda, I do not believe that the official view would be widely accepted in the event of defeat in war. This situation suddenly gives to a government the kind of impotence that belongs to alien governments opposed by nationalist feeling; and the more the expectation of victory has been used to stimulate warlike ardor, the greater will be the reaction when it is found that victory is unobtainable. It is therefore to be expected that the next war, like the last, will end with a crop of revolutions, which will be more fierce than those of 1917 and 1918 because the war will have been more destructive. It is to be hoped that rulers realize the risk they will run of being put to death by the mob, which is at least as great as the risk that soldiers will run of death at the hands of the enemy.

It is easy to overestimate the power of official propaganda, especially when there is no competition. In so far as it devotes itself to causing belief in false propositions of which time will prove the falsity, it is in as bad a position as the Aristotelians in their opposition to Galileo. Given two opposing groups of States, each of which endeavors to instill the certainty of victory in war, one side, if not both, must experience a dramatic refutation of official statements. When all opposing propaganda is forbidden, rulers are likely to think that they can cause anything to be believed, and so become overweening and careless. Even lies need competition if they are to retain their vigor.

Power over opinion, like all other forms of power, tends to coalescence and concentration, leading logically to a State monopoly. But even apart from war it would be rash to assume that a State monopoly of propaganda must make a government invulnerable. In the long run, those who possess the power are likely to become too flagrantly indifferent to the interests of the common man, as the Popes were in the time of Luther. Sooner or later, some new Luther will challenge the authority of the State, and like his predecessor, be so quickly successful that it will be impossible to suppress him. This will happen because the rulers will believe that it cannot happen. But whether the change will be for the better it is impossible to foresee.

The effect of organization and unification, in the matter of propaganda as in other matters, is to delay revolution, but to make it more violent when it comes. When only one doctrine is officially allowed, men get no practice in thinking or in weighing alternatives; only a great wave of passionate revolt can dethrone orthodoxy; and in order to make the opposition sufficiently whole-hearted and violent to achieve success, it will seem necessary to deny even what was true in governmental dogma. The only thing that will not be denied will be the importance of immediately establishing *some* orthodoxy, since this will be considered necessary for victory. From a rationalist standpoint, therefore, the likelihood of revolution in a totalitarian State is not necessarily a ground of rejoicing. What is more to be desired is a gradual increase in the sense of security, leading to a lessening of zeal, and giving an opening for laziness—the greatest of all virtues in the ruler of a totalitarian State, with the sole exception of non-existence.

Literature and Life

(*Continued from page* 4)

death and as triumphant. What literature lies there, unwritten—and probably never to be written, because young love is not of primary importance and there is very little action! Outwardly people seem static—they suffer and wait and dream, but what tremendous inner action there is in those three words! Not many people see the romance in a man's loving dry black soil that will not yield him food and holding to it grimly because if there were water it would

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

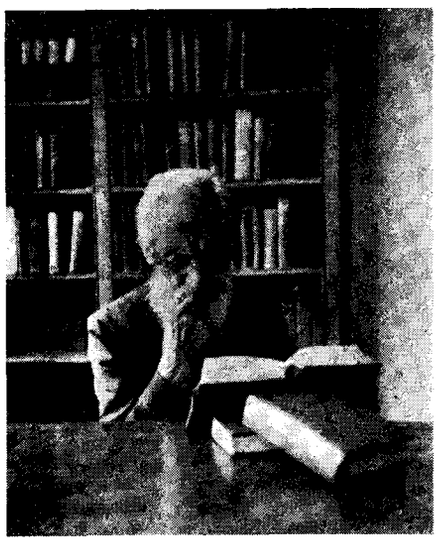
yield enormously, and tomorrow it may rain. Yet there is the essence of romance in it. But the ending may not be happy.

We are afraid, we Americans, of tragedy. I mean tragedy in the deep fundamental sense of the Greeks, who understood that life is tragic in its whole course from its unexplained beginnings to its unknown end. Even comedy in that Greek sense had its foundations in tragedy—a butterfly fluttering in gaiety over a dark and bottomless river. So long as we shrink in fear from acknowledging we are what we are, beings brought into this brief consciousness which we call life, and from accepting this to proceed to the living and understanding of this life, we can have no great literature.

And yet I feel nothing is stronger in our American people than the desire to find some sort of philosophy with which to face life. The desire is inarticulate, and it expresses itself in all sorts of ways, from swing music to theosophy. There is such an earnest blind longing to know what to make of life as it is, and it is coupled at the same time with a sort of fear of knowing, so that when anything serious comes near, it is evaded by the jazz touch. And so even literature is evaded, as something too serious, though if they would only see, they would know that literature contributes to the understanding they want of what life is, and can help them to know, therefore, what their attitude toward life should be, as reasonable creatures.

It would be easy for me to do what many have done—simply shrug my shoulders at the mass of popular writing and say that it has nothing to do with literature. But I cannot. I keep going back to it—it is what most people read—then it must have its importance somewhere in relation to literature. One cannot dismiss lightly a magazine bought and read by three million people or a book bought and read even by thousands. It is important. It is a serious thing for literature if three million read—not literature, but something else which gives them greater satisfaction. I have put the blame on the people. But there is always the possibility that there is something wrong with literature. Jazz, so despised once, we have now come to think of as contributing something very especial to music. What it is we do not know, and shall not know until jazz is dead, and its vitality has become merged into the great body of permanent music. Swing—is it fad or new rhythm? Who knows or can know in our generation? It must run its course until we see it take its true place in what is past. If it has a definite value for human beings something will remain which no amount of scorn or ignoring can kill or even displace.

Perhaps it is literature which today has become devoid of philosophy—so devoid that it has no inner light, so that people, reading, have caught no real illumination of the life which most of us live so blindly from day to day. The vogue for historical novels has been, perhaps, because the novels of present day life cast no glow. Perhaps people are not afraid of tragedy, after all, if it is *their* tragedy—that is, tragedy which they recognize as beyond mere sordid living. The greatest books have always been tragedies. "Madame Bovary" is one of the most tragic books ever written. So is "Resurrection." So is "Of Human Bondage." So is "Vanity Fair." The list is long, and most of these books when they first appeared were met with criticism. People did not immediately like them. It took time to get over the first revulsion against sadness and see beyond into the light. But the books that people have kept on reading are the books with that inner light which makes them have a sort of timeless rightness and accord with life which is happiness in itself, as distinguished from amusement and a mere happy ending. These are



Photograph by George E. Martin
The Reader

the books which give life in the full—not slantwise from the viewpoint of region or vogue. These are the books which have laid hold upon life and have had a philosophy to expound. A lesson is a glib thing—easy to teach, easy to learn and gabble off. But a philosophy is something wrought out of experience. It can be accepted or rejected but never learned by rote.

I do not need to say, I am sure, that by the word "philosophy" I mean no dry abstractions without relation to human daily lives. I mean those questions which every creature capable even of simple thought asks himself in times when he is alone—hours which he may hate and dread and from which he seeks all sorts of escapes, but which, nevertheless, exist—those hours when he asks, who am I and why was I born and what is it all for? Who are these others and what have they to do with me and what have I to do with them? To ask these questions is to seek the essentials of some sort of philosophy of life. And to answer them in one way or another, is the meaning of literature. Whenever a book, through the direct voice of poetry or through the voices of characters in a novel, recognizes these fundamental questions of the human heart, that book is read and lives on and on. And whenever a book ignores them, though it achieves a momentary popularity, it passes on and is forgotten. Light upon the deep and primitive inquiry of the human heart is the primary contribution, then, of literature to life.

It may seem a curious contradiction to say on one hand that people demand nothing but amusement from literature and then to say that literature which only amuses does not satisfy them. But such indeed is the case. The American public is peculiarly constituted and full of contradictions. With all our child-like love of a good time, we never really have a good time unless we feel we are improving ourselves, too. The moral sense is very strong in us. It may be it is only that well-known and famous puritan conscience, which it is said, is never strong enough to keep us from doing anything we want to do, but only strong enough to keep us from enjoying whatever we do do. We may be trying, in all our desire for escape, to escape not from the realities of life, but from the reality of ourselves. If so, of course escape is impossible, and yet, if it is impossible, the effort is all the more frantic. But none can escape that Hound of Heaven—his own self. And real literature has nothing to do with that attempt to escape. It has only to do with the pursuit, and it shows that the end of that pursuit is but the deeper and fuller understanding of that self.

So long as we breathe we are in this world which encloses us. Literature does offer the only real escape—but deeper into the world and not away from it. And that is what it contributes to life—more life, more understanding of that life. Any good book is like a microcosm where in a small compass we can see how life functions. In our daily experiences we are lost in the largeness of all around us. We cannot understand all that is going on. But a good book catches a part of what is going on and holds it for us, and we can see relationships there, and causes and effects which escape us in the flying by of actual time and events.

We ought when we put down a book to feel a deeper sense of completion of self, not of escape from it. We ought to understand that self better and feel in closer accord with it and more content with it. If we do, then the book is literature, and literature has made its contribution to life.

The foregoing article was originally delivered in expanded form as an address before the National Education Association.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Diverse Views

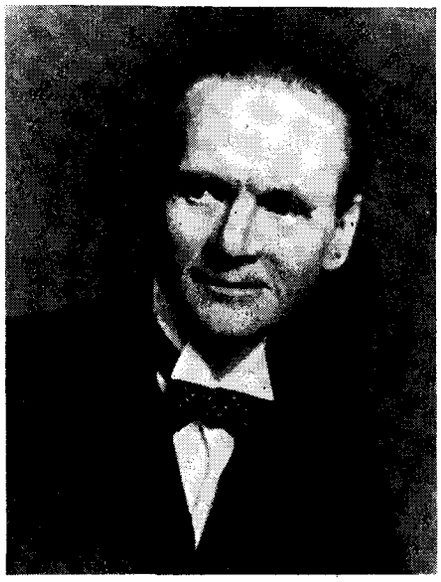
PEACE WITH THE DICTATORS? By Norman Angell. New York: Harper & Bros. 1938. $3.

Reviewed by DAVID H. POPPER

SINCE pre-war years Sir Norman Angell has been known for his ability to single out the critical question of the hour in international relations and to state his views upon it in forthright, provocative terms. His touch has not failed him in "Peace with the Dictators?" in which he seeks to determine "whether the democracies can maintain peace with the dictatorship group without accepting a position of such inferiority of power as to render them incapable of defence"—in other words, whether we can grant concessions to the fascist states and still retain our security and the democratic character of our governments.

Sir Norman's answer is reached by way of an imaginary symposium in which representatives of the principal points of view commonly held in Germany, Italy, Great Britain, and the United States defend their positions with all the vigor of convinced advocates. There is no question of setting up straw men for the adherents of the correct "line" to demolish. The German makes a brilliantly plausible case for his country, based on the inability of a confused, divided England—which has bungled the post-war opportunity of establishing a new international order—to resist the dynamic drive of a disciplined and resolute racial unit. The Italian elaborates on the German theme: an indomitable nation with faith in its destiny must expand at the expense of democracies which will not fight for the League, nor to preserve their strategic advantage, nor yet to defend their imperial interests. An Englishman replies, neatly puncturing the fascist arguments on the need for colonial and territorial expansion, and arguing that acceptance of the fascist program of blind nationalistic aggression means destruction for the Empire and the concept of international coöperation. An American observer holds that we cannot remain aloof from the ideological conflict. We must, he insists, combat the totalitarian technique which weakens democracies by fomenting internal divisions (Austria, Spain, Czechoslovakia, Brazil today—others tomorrow); by exploiting the fear of Bolshevism, and by capitalizing on the democracies' reluctance to run the risk of war. The British isolationist urges a return to balance of power tactics, in which Britain stands aside while "Hun and Bolshie chaw each other up."

To these diverse views other members of the group reply, defending Sir Norman's own convictions. The fascist challenge, it is demonstrated, involves a threat to all law, to all freedom—to civilization itself, some would say. As the largest territorial aggregation the British Commonwealth of Nations stands to lose most by submission to fascist demands. These demands are exclusive in nature; they can be satisfied only by creating no less serious grievances on the part of others. The fascists, in short, clamor for that very preponderance of power which Germany sought twenty-five years ago, and which the Allies resisted by war. Fascist dictatorships must not be coddled. They must be opposed, by a grand alliance for mutual defense against aggression, open to all who will accept arbitration—the judgment of third parties—for the peaceful settlement of international disputes. Changes in the *status quo* must not be



Norman Angell

the result of violence or blackmail but the outcome of equitable processes. Otherwise democracy is doomed by the new fanaticism of the autocratic demigods.

The argument is irrefutable: peace can be preserved only if principles of law and justice survive in the international sphere. Yet I doubt whether Sir Norman has quite correctly stated the alternatives. He calls on Britishers, and on the citizens of all democracies, to choose between collective, morally justifiable, resistance and craven submission. That choice it is not difficult to make. Unfortunately, however, we are faced today with quite another question. There is nothing in the conduct of Britain or France which would indicate that resistance will occur on any such high moral plane. When it comes, it will be based on simple self-interest, unencumbered by scruple—the same self-interest as that which has motivated Britain in the Anglo-Italian agreement and the Czechoslovakian question. Britain and France will one day fight to preserve their threatened imperialist interests and their military position, not for law or justice or the rights of small nations. That happened in 1914; and by all the signs it will happen again in the course of the next few years. What will Sir Norman advise then?

Poetry and Social Change

POETRY: A MAGAZINE OF VERSE. FEDERAL POETS' NUMBER. Chicago: July 1938. 25 *cents.*

SING DEMOCRACY. Edited by The Labor Poets of America. Bronx: Summer 1938. 10 *cents.*

Reviewed by DUDLEY FITTS

IT is no pleasure to scold people with whose aims one wholly sympathizes. The intentions of these poets are excellent: it is true, as the editor of *Sing Democracy* says, that poetry can be a factor in bringing about social change; true, as Archibald MacLeish writes in *Poetry*, that "poetry alone imagines, and imagining creates, the world that men can wish to live in and make true." One somehow feels that anything short of complete approval is a kind of giving comfort to the enemy. And yet, as one turns over the slick pages of *Poetry* and the crudely mimeographed pages of *Sing Democracy*, it becomes more and more clear that if the enemy is deriving any comfort, it is the poets themselves who are extending it. I cannot imagine a greater disservice to any cause than this fumbling, cliché-ridden, graceless verse.

Only Fearing and Maas and Larsson, of the Federal Poets, seem to know what they are about: they write with skill, since they are excellent craftsmen, and occasionally they achieve a certain conviction of tone. The others echo dimly, clench fists, say phrases. A great deal is made of García Lorca by people who are apparently as vague about the significance of his work as they are myth-beguiled as to the man himself. *Sing Democracy* describes him, in complete disregard of the facts, as "the Spanish poet who died valiantly fighting for his country." But Lorca was never a combatant, in any sense of the word, and to suggest that he was one is to give comfort to his assassins by furnishing them with a motive: his death was not a deplorable accident of war, but an indefensible Fascist outrage.

Revolutionary poetry? Poetry that stirs, that works for social change, that addresses the people who must be addressed if it is to do anything at all? One thinks of the Spanish worker-writers who are really doing what these writers hope they are doing: of Alberti, of Guerrero, of Aleixandre, of Altolaguirre; or one thinks of Auden's "Spain." The conclusion seems to be that it isn't enough to mean well: one must also have been there, whether "there" be the trenches or the sweatshop, or the mine, or the picket line; but it isn't enough to have been there: one must also have the art, the imagination, and the wit to write that poetry which shall become again "the one deliverer of the people."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In Pursuit of Adventure

ALONE THROUGH THE FORBIDDEN LAND. By Gustav Krist. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1938. $3.50.

Reviewed by HASSOLDT DAVIS

FORBIDDEN lands are an old lure to travelers and usually a snare to readers of travel books. The disclosure of them is much the same as peeping through your neighbor's windows, to no end but the idle one of gratifying wonder. Mr. Krist's "forbidden lands" comprise North Persia, Turkmenistan, Uzbekistan, and Tajikistan in Soviet Central Asia, and though officially foreigners are prohibited, there have been quite a few, accredited reputably, who have been able to walk straight through their doors. At least four women, furthermore, have wangled their way into one or another part of these provinces without visas or any serious trouble due to lack of them.

Mr. Krist's case was a little different, for he had fought in Central Asia during the World War, been imprisoned there, and condemned in 1920 for counter-revolutionary activities. He was therefore obliged on this journey to carry false papers of identification and pose as a geologist when his sole pursuit was adventure. He had plenty of it, but as he was an ingenious fellow and could talk the language of the country he came through without greater discomfort than occasional thirst, cold, and fever. The terrible Enver Pasha was dead by then, and the Khan who drugged his guests with tarantula schnapps and flung them to his bear had been discouraged by the Soviet Tribunal. Mr. Krist regretted them.

He revisited Samarkand and Bukhara, crossed the desert of Qara Qum—where not even a weed or an insect lives—with a pebble beneath his tongue, walked naked through the Shangri-La-like valleys of the Trans-Alai Mountains, "The Roof of the World," and spent a winter in the Pamirs with Qirghiz tribes who were fleeing the Soviet tax collectors. It was a good life, he thought. He earned his keep by tinkering the tribe's firearms, and soon was so much one of them that he but narrowly avoided marrying one of their women. Looping towards home again, he was caught by a Russian guard at the Persian frontier, and in turn captured his captor and compelled his guidance through the mountains.

A book of such outlandish adventures as these could be written with more verve, it seems, but it has bright spots of danger and particularly of comment upon the ancient cultures of the land and the crass attempt of the Soviets to combat Islam in its own nominally autonomous territory, to industrialize impractically, and to create class-consciousness among the tribes so that the ideal of fraternity might be executed in tearing it down again. Mr. Krist is fascinated by the wild and gentle nomads but he fails to individualize his companions among them. You catch alternate glimpses of splendor and sordidness, but the clear delineation of both is dependent upon the excellent photographs which accompany the text.

JULIA TRUITT YENNI

". . . a talent as refreshing as a cool drink of water out of a woodland spring on a hot day."
—*N. Y. Herald Tribune "Books"*

Isn't it time you met this talented young novelist?

READERS of *The Saturday Review* are noted for being "particular" (some even say "fussy") about the books they buy. Before they decide to spend time or money on a book they insist on *knowing* that it really is worth while. It is with great pleasure, therefore, that we call upon a group of the country's leading reviewers to introduce Julia Truitt Yenni, to *Saturday Review* readers. The occasion is the publication of her second delightful novel of "life under the live oaks," entitled *This Is Me, Kathie.*

Introducing Julia Truitt Yenni

"A year ago Julia Truitt Yenni's first novel appeared, *Never Say Good-bye,* and it showed a talent as refreshing as a cool drink of water out of a woodland spring on a hot day. Now, *This Is Me, Kathie* follows and repeats the delightful experience of the first book. Its title alone brings the swift beat of joyous anticipation and the charming story written around it with a fluid grace fulfills the interest it arouses."—*Rose C. Feld, in N. Y. Herald Tribune.*

. . . and her story of Kathie

"A pleasing book is Julia Truitt Yenni's story of a small Louisiana college town, *This Is Me, Kathie.* Its virtue is Miss Yenni's tender account of Kathie as she grows up out of the family home on Live Oak Street. Kathie finds that the role of Mrs. Daniel McLaughlin is not the easiest one for a 17 year-old to play, since now she must bear in mind not only her own peculiar relatives but Daniel's as well and also Daniel's career in a snoopy little town."—*Ralph Thompson, in N. Y. Times.*

"Danny didn't get the college faculty appointment because, one Sunday when he was at church, the house caught fire and, after putting it out, Kathie and Pops and Carter and the baby were seen riding through town, with what bedding and kitchen ware they had saved, on Mark Chester's wagon. Mark was the saloon keeper. 'Pops,' she had yelled as they rode along, 'let's get us a wagon and live on it all the time and never stay in any one place.' The women coming out of church, had caught their breath (but not for long)."—*Edward Angly, in N. Y. Herald Tribune.*

"In an apparently short space she gets over an enormous impression, reminding me of what Willa Cather once said of Katherine Mansfield; that something got into her stories which was not apparent in the type—something that you went back to find but could not put your finger on. It is the epitome of concise writing imbued with immense feeling."—*Christine Govan.*

"... with a fresh bloom of its own"

"Amusing and realistic . . . The story is engaging chiefly because Kathie is made a refreshingly original character. The minor characters, too, are people with individual and often humorous idiosyncrasies. The novel is light, but with a fresh bloom of its own."—*Beatrice Sherman, in N. Y. Times Book Review.*

GEORGE STEVENS, *Editor of The Saturday Review of Literature,* found *This Is Me, Kathie* a novel of "genuine charm . . . warm and humorous . . . comic, sometimes skirting tragic comedy, but never sentimentality."

THIS IS ME, KATHIE

by Julia Truitt Yenni

AT ALL BOOKSTORES · $2.00 · REYNAL & HITCHCOCK · NEW YORK

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Elizabethan Seafarers

THE AGE OF DRAKE. By James A. Williamson. New York: The Macmillan Co. (London: Black.) 1938. $5.

Reviewed by CRANE BRINTON

LIKE the other volumes of the "Pioneer Histories" of which it is a part, Mr. Williamson's "The Age of Drake" is an authoritative scholarly summary of our present knowledge of the subject. The editors announce as their aim "readable narratives which are neither pedantic nor journalistic" and though both these last adjectives are somewhat imprecise—neither pedants nor journalists are likely to see themselves as others see them—we may grant that in this volume the editorial aim has been reasonably well achieved. The Elizabethan sea-dogs have tempted others than Froude to rhetoric. Mr. Williamson writes soberly and clearly, in the useful tradition of modern professional historical scholarship.

Yet the scholar as well as the general reader may well feel just a bit cheated in this book. Mr. Williamson was no doubt wise in avoiding attempts at fire and color. There is no lack of either in many writings about the Elizabethan period. But he may have let his fear of being thought journalistic shut him off from matters well worth the attention of the soberest historian. His narrative is too close to the bare skeleton of political history to be as interesting as it might be. He summarizes admirably the voyages and fights of Hawkins, for instance. But he does not try to tell us how Hawkins got his cargoes of blacks, how a slave ship looked, how the slaves were disposed of in the New World. At any rate he gives but the barest indications on these matters. He lists the partners in many of these sea ventures, but he does not go into the relations between capitalists in London and Bristol and captains and men on the sea. Yet economic historians have dug up a good deal about these things, and their findings belong in just such a survey as this.

One further grief, old though it is, must come out. Englishmen are at their most persistently English when they are writing about Elizabethan seafarers. There is no great harm in this, but when they are as insistent as Mr. Williamson is on the writing of history undistorted by propaganda the American reviewer can hardly be blamed for falling into old habits, and noting with glee that the British lion is still a lion, and not a subtler animal. The French in the Caribbean are to Mr. Williamson plain pirates, but he insists that Hawkins was at the worst an "interloper" in Spanish dominions closed to foreign traders. Well, Hawkins took Rio de la Hacha on the Spanish Main after a formal attack and burned part of the town, which seems pretty violent interloping. Mr. Williamson, who describes this incident carefully, writes that "Hawkins's handling of the situation is a rich example of practical psychology." He is even better on Drake, who, he writes, "was levying war in the character of a privateer, and was morally not a pirate." This refers to Drake's raids on the gold trains across the Isthmus of Panama in 1571, at a time when the English and the Spanish were not at war. The Japanese certainly have learned a lot from us Westerners.

Crane Brinton is a member of the history department of Harvard University.

Familiar Lines

POETRY AND ITS FORMS. By Mason Long. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1938. $2.75.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

AS the author of one book on the subject and as the co-author of another which attempts to plow new furrows in the same dragged-over field, this reviewer must (to change the agrarian metaphor midstream) steer a course between generosity and justice. Generosity prompts him to say that Professor Long has arranged his book under sixteen attractive headings; justice makes him conclude that the book says little, if anything, new about poetry, its forms, devices, aims, variations, history, values, and effects. It is built solidly, even stolidly, on favorite familiar lines, and the choice of illustrative poems exhibits lines which are even more familiar. Professor Long's approach is the "genial academic" one; it is a purposeful mixture of the scholarly and the popular, a mixture that never quite blends.

Considering that the objective of this volume is stimulation and the quickening of the reader's responses, one might imagine that considerable emphasis would be placed upon modern poetry. On the contrary, the attention to the contemporary scene is casual and misleading. There is no consideration of the Imagists and their influence upon rhetoric; no mention of the new tone effected by Archibald MacLeish, Ezra Pound, and T. S. Eliot; nothing concerning the newer experiments in form by Auden, Spender, and Muriel Rukeyser; the index does not even list such important and representative names as Walter de la Mare, Edgar Lee Masters, Wilfred Owen, Gerard Manley Hopkins, William Rose Benét, and Elinor Wylie. There is a chapter devoted to Light Verse, but Ogden Nash, Newman Levy, Phyllis McGinley, Arthur Guiterman, Samuel Hoffenstein, and Dorothy Parker are not to be found in it. A concluding chapter entitled Poetic Drama ends with Browning; Yeats is mentioned parenthetically, but not Synge, and recent American poetic dramatists, with the exception of Percy Mackaye, are not even suggested.

But it is the style which erects the greatest barrier between Professor Long's material and the reader's appreciation.

Nevertheless—even though it is a belated "nevertheless"—the book might well be added to the publisher's other elementary handbooks, such as his "Ready Speech-Maker," "Minute-a-Day English," and "Minute-a-Day Phrasemaker." It, too, is informative, simple, and free of the strain of novelty.

Louis Untermeyer is one of the best known poets and anthologists of the country. His "Modern British Poetry" and "Modern American Poetry" are standard works.

The English Scene

MAN'S ESTATE. By M. E. Ince. New York: Stackpole Sons. 1938. $2.50.

THIS is another story of a young Englishman's love for the English land and a fine English girl. Barring the heroine's name, which is Meg, and the romance, which is incredible, the book is pretty smoothly done, and everything ties up nicely at the end.

A couple of weeks ago the Editor of *The Saturday Review* was writing about C-Plus fiction. This is it. Mr. Ince writes facilely, he has a good sense of scene and incident, and the story is "pleasantly helped out with some humor here and some genuine pathos there." Yet one feels that he has tried to do more than that; that he has tried to write at least a straight B novel. Now that kind of novel requires that its thematic material be both vital and credible. The thematic material in "Man's Estate" is neither, and the story becomes, therefore, just another story. It lacks literary guts.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
SALUTE BLUE MASK! *Anthony Morton* (Lippincott: $2.)	"The Baron" temporarily retired to humdrum life resumes daring career to clear youngster accused of murder and theft.	Dodges of Baron to keep identity secret, avoid police, and quell criminals involve satisfying amount of derring-do.	Lively
MURDER IN SUFFOLK *A. E. Fielding* (Kinsey: $2.)	Violent deaths of Scotland Yard operative and Arab in sandy wastes of Suffolk solved by Hugh Duncan, private investigator.	Slightly muddled but richly adventurous yarn of fabulous treasure and final discomfiture of desprit adventurer in search of it.	So-so
DEATH RIDES THE FOREST *Rupert Grayson* (Dutton: $2.)	"Gun" Cotton, in Puritanian surroundings to rescue friend, runs entire gamut of adventure.	Cloak and sword yarn with modern trimmings and an epic duel as wind-up.	Diverting

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

Biography

TIME GATHERED. By W. B. Maxwell. Appleton-Century. 1938. $3.50.

William Babington Maxwell who died last week, was a well-known English novelist, conservative, stalwart, and with a kindly nature. He has written not brilliantly but well, and has a shelf of books to his credit. He has enjoyed life and known a great many different kinds of people, as his present autobiography shows. Son of the famous Mary Elizabeth Braddon, whose "Lady Audley's Secret" impressed the Victorian era, he pays his remarkable mother fitting tribute in one chapter. His sketch of his Irish father is richly human. His memories of Oscar Wilde as a family friend, and of other literary personalities and interesting people, titled and untitled, are engaging.

As a young man, Mr. Maxwell loved the theater, liked the acquaintance of actresses, and enjoyed being a young-man-about-town. But he also suffered from melancholia and insomnia, and some of his earlier writing served as an anodyne to these. After he had done a number of stories and articles, the publisher, Grant Richards, almost bulldozed him into signing up for a novel. His first was called "The Ragged Messenger" and achieved quite a success. Later on this author "did his bit" with considerable enthusiasm in the late Great War, though well into middle-age. He emerges in this sometimes vivid, sometimes dullish volume as a very friendly and human Englishman, who has had a happy family life and, on the whole, a happy life in his work. He ends, characteristically enough, with this injunction: "Kindness. Be kind to people. And then, when you have been as kind as you possibly can, be a little kinder still."

W. R. B.

Fiction

MEN ARE NOT STARS. By C. A. Millspaugh. Doubleday, Doran. 1938. $2.50.

According to the late Professor Irving Babbitt, the idea of the genius as a man apart from and above his fellows is less than a couple of hundred years old. During that time, in fiction, and in literary criticism the aspects of genius have been exhaustively considered, and a great many men of modest talent have become, through reading Nietzsche, quite confident of their exceptional destiny. We have never happened upon a book before "Men Are Not Stars" which was seriously concerned with this misapprehension, and it is an excellent subject for a novel.

Mr. Millspaugh's hero, Daniel O'Riordan, had the good fortune to look exactly like a genius. He was large and striking in appearance, his vitality was almost unlimited, and he was invariably enthusiastic in speech and action. Nevertheless, he accomplished nothing that a mature mind could possibly admire. At a time when other American painters were beginning to look toward France, toward the Impressionists and the modern French painters for their artistic guidance, he continued to turn out grandiose canvases, often twelve feet high and twenty feet wide, depicting Ulysses and the Sirens, or Solomon and Sheba, or Napoleon in Egypt. And each time that his masterpiece was ignored by the art critics, he turned pathetically to his family and his small circle of friends, who had to reassure him, to convey by word or look that they thought he was as great a painter as he believed himself to be.

Mr. Millspaugh has chosen the right person to tell Daniel O'Riordan's story—his sensitive, adolescent son Jim—but the events are not presented as the boy saw them. Instead the reader has them recalled, examined, and sometimes too patiently explained to him by the author. And one finishes the book with dissatisfaction and even a certain amount of annoyance that, with an entirely sound idea, Mr. Millspaugh should have got no farther, really, than the man he chose to write about.

W. M.

FROM THE ENDS OF THE EARTH. By Lambert Williams. Appleton-Century. 1938. $2.

Olivia at sixty was left an immense fortune by a man whom she had loved but denied because she was already married; she summoned home her children "from the ends of the earth" to hear the news; and the suspense of the book is in the fact that they do not realize how vast the fortune is. The author means us to speculate on the effect that the money will have on all of them; what changes it will bring about, what hidden weaknesses expose, what surprising energies unleash. But it is clear that the turning point in all their lives has already been reached when first we see them. The whole interest of the novel is in the exposition of their lives prior to what should have been the dramatic moment; and their subsequent actions are so scantily developed and so obvious that they come as an anti-climax.

The influence which has changed them is their marriage; which Mr. Williams sees as usually a kind of cannibalism, in which the stronger devours the weaker partner, slowly and secretly through the years in the dreadful defenselessness of intimacy. Thus Olivia's superior energy and instinct for success had been fatal to her shy and introverted husband, since it made unmistakable and unendurable his own failure. Similarly, all her children had been made or marred by their marriages; and the only one not to marry, Probyn, had chosen, even more fatally, a companion of his own sex. Olivia's fabulous fortune, therefore, serves only to push over the brink those couples (including Probyn) who had already neared it; and to strengthen those marriages which had attained a strength of their own.

If Mr. Williams's drama does not quite come off, his characters are always interesting and credible; and if none of them lingers in the reader's mind long after the book has been finished, there does linger the impression of a group of living people from whom the society of their time has somewhat withdrawn, leaving them still in the attitudes of an earlier and very different day.

K. S.

THE DEVIL IN SATIN. By Dornford Yates. Doubleday, Doran. 1938. $2.

"The devil," says Hamlet, "hath power to assume a pleasing shape," and according to Mr. Yates, that shape may be a woman's. But even granting this assumption (a most ungallant one for such a gentleman of the old school as Mr. Yates is in his standards and affections), it never quite becomes apparent that Rowena Bohun is anything so arch as the devil. And failing conviction on this point, the story of her machinations against an innocent and stupid husband becomes nothing more than melodrama of the Hoboken school.

The opening pages of the novel promise better than that. Lord Elvin, feeling death in his bones, imposes a secret trust upon his friend and lawyer John Forsyth, the responsibility of hunting down the beau-

(*Continued on next page*)

"LITERARY LAUGH RIOT"

"Any turn for the better you may notice in the world's sullen temper this summer may as well be ascribed to the appearance of MY SISTER EILEEN."
—N. Y. *Times*

4th big printing • $2.00

HARCOURT, BRACE & CO.
383 Madison Avenue • New York

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tiful woman whom his great-nephew has just married and bringing to light the rottenness that he feels sure is there. For Lord Elvin believes that people who look alike, are alike, and he remembers Rowena's counterpart, years before, when he tried her for perjury.

Once past this admirable opening, Mr. Yates's melodrama crumbles apart as fast as he molds it. Rowena Bohun disgusts the reader but never frightens him, and the romance between her husband and a sweet, womanly woman who appreciates him acts merely as a counter-irritant. The story wanders along from bad to worse and culminates in a scene of bucolic sentimentality which completes the ruin of a good idea written, probably, in too much haste. Had the author explored the possibilities of his plot premises he might have done as rousing a job as his own "Blind Corner." Instead, he has turned out a story too disappointing to constitute even the lightest sort of hot-weather entertainment.

W. S.

TORCHLIGHT TO VALHALLA. By Gale Wilhelm. Random House. 1938. $2.

Writing about Miss Wilhelm's books must inevitably turn into a discussion in esthetics. One would like to have enough space to make the discussion thorough, because her writing is so interesting, in fact so beautiful, and so much better than the books themselves. No one has carried the lucent and freighted phrases of poetry over into prose more successfully than she. She can do wonders with the telling of how a shoulder slants, or how a voice hesitates, or such imponderables as the empty feel of a space someone has just occupied. Every page of the little book bears its imprint of a sensitive, original, poetic consciousness, until we discover that there isn't anyone else there but the poet, the writer. There are many names, characters, events, and a story, but *nothing really lives, except Miss Wilhelm.*

She is telling of a great painter, and his daughter who is a writer, supposedly a good one, and a composer who loves her. Now here to begin with are three different types of artist—three ages and two sexes. You can't just show them all three to be tremendously sensitive, as though that defined and differentiated them. They need a good deal of penetrating and analytic writing, quite another kind than she gives them. As it is, they are non-existent except for being three statements of one personality. When we come to the crux of the story, which is that the girl can't love the man but forms instead a homosexual attachment for another girl, we see more than ever the limitations of Miss Wilhelm's fragile style. Statement, however tenuous, is not enough. This rare and important story needed to be studied realistically, motivated (the fact that the girl loved her father, who died, is the only motivation offered, and it isn't good, naturally), told at full length.

Length and expansion are the qualities Miss Wilhelm has very consciously rejected. All of her books are short, all rely upon flashes of imagery, feeling shut up inside of little phrases, rigid understatement. What she can do with these methods has already been suggested, but they are not equal to the task of dealing with people, different people with different minds, apprehending life differently, suffering different crises. Miss Wilhelm needs now to express this multiplicity, lacking in all three of her brief novels.

N. L. R.

PRAY TO THE EARTH. By Evelyn Eaton. Houghton Mifflin. 1938. $2.50.

Written, printed, and bound to resemble a work of art, this novel never achieves its difficult goal. The style is more often precious than beautiful, and the narrative construction displays a naiveté that amounts to downright ineptitude. Most unfortunate of all, here is another of those novels in which the minor characters are better done than the central figure.

Louis-Jean Jacquier, as a child on a hot and thirsty Provençal farm, is clearly realized. His father is brutal and a criminal, his mother a drunkard. The boy's life is one of overwork, fear, despair, and its only redeeming feature is the deep rapport with his sister, La Lilie. But later, after he has run away and apprenticed himself to a family of strangers, he begins to lose credibility and focus.

At one point the author employs a cliché of plot construction for which, at this late date, it is hard to find extenuating circumstances: young Louis-Jean shoots a man and flees into the hills under the mistaken impression that he has committed murder. It is only fair to add that immediately after this lamentable lapse he gives you a thoroughly interesting picture of a monastery of Knights Templar—one of the three such Temples left in the modern world.

After that—well, there's quite a lot but none of it is particularly good, not even the section about the Spanish civil war. The child Louis-Jean becomes, *enfin,* the peasant Jacquier, but nowhere near as well-realized a peasant as the ones the author wrote into his early chapters. What it all means is never wholly clear, but it honestly doesn't seem to matter much, one way or the other. There ought to be a good novel in the author's material, but this isn't it.

W. S.

GRASS ON THE MOUNTAIN. By Henry and Sylvia Lieferant. Dutton. 1938. $2.50.

Grass on the mountain means spring has come. The saying is used in this novel as a motif. The mountain, throughout changing seasons, supplies a constant background to the activities in the valley. And the valley teems with activity. The town is a small industrial one in up-state New York, dominated by the Lyenbeck family and their factory. The relationhsip between the Lyenbecks and the town is so paternalistic as to be almost feudal.

This is a sincere book, and the factory material is extremely interesting. But one could wish the authors had taken Arnold Bennett's dictum to heart, for this would be a better book if its theme could be stated in ten words. As it is, there is too much unrelated incident, too much about Amy, too much about a goat, too many governesses with whom the Lyenbeck son becomes involved, too much Nature. Nor have the authors succeeded in relating the spiritual experiences of two of their characters to the rest of the book. Excess baggage makes the novel unwieldy (443 pages may not actually be on the long side but it seems long here) which is a great pity because the authors' intentions were obviously genuine and they have something to say.

It would be nice to know why the publishers have seen fit to give away in the jacket copy what was surely intended as a dramatic surprise.

C. H. M.

FROM JUNGLE ROOTS. By Marcos Spinelli. Covici-Friede. 1938. $2.50.

This is almost like the tales of our childhood which showed the lives of our furry, dumb friends and had them talking a literate language, for Carlos Diaz of this novel is as alien as an animal. He didn't want to be literate or in any way civilized when he could be happy with murder and lust on the Matto Grosso ranch his grandfather had left him. His seven-foot Negro servant was tutor enough for him; the brawling cafés, the ripe jungles, the vagabond liars' club, were his normal schools. "Gokuruga!" he would grunt: the old pioneer had the right philosophy; you lived honorably by killing your critics, though it was God, not you, who made them die of the wound; you would give your life (God murdering you) for your friend.

This prodigious urchin was running the ranch and all its laborers by the age of twelve. He took alcohol in his coffee, he had already killed a dozen men and lassoed and raped a dozen savage women. The author must know what he is talking about, but Carlos sounds like a baby bugaboo to us. When his civilized father, who had abandoned him for thirteen years, finally took him to Sao Paulo he spent his days at school flinging knives with his toes, and only in Italy did he acquire any of the niceties of civilization, among them shame and fear. He missed the smell of his beloved Indian lass; he wanted the man's jungle that all the brothels and even a humble romance could not deny, so he returned to Brazil as a revolutionary, and broken by that ardor reached home at last.

It is a curious book in that there is scarcely a thought in the bulk of it; Carlos rarely reasons. Things, violent things, simply happen, and no one wonders why. It is built of what we imagine

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 228)
MATTHEW ARNOLD:
"A SUMMER NIGHT."

Madman or slave, must man be one?
Ye heavens . . .
. . . . . .
. . . You remain
A world above man's head, to let him see
How boundless might his soul's horizons be,
How vast, yet of what clear transparency!
. . . . . .
How fair a lot to fill
Is left to each man still!

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the You-Too-Can-Write pundits must mean by "motion without action," for though its adventures are plentiful they fail to actuate the story; they are "stills" of action without sequence. The jungle scenes are good; the swart, ruttish men, the "polyp" women and the franker beasts are credible, but that young Carlos with his lewd lasso—"Gokuruga!" he's a nonpareil!

H. D.

THE LARGER VIEW. By Benjamin Kaverin. Translated from the Russian by E. Leda Swan. Stackpole. 1938. $2.75.

The main theme contained in the title of this book is thus explained by the author: "A large view was the attitude [to one's own and other people's weaknesses and shortcomings, and to everything that had been inherited, lost, and acquired from the first days of conscious life] created by the revolution: this was Kartashikhin's conception of the term." Although the thought is not clearly formulated, perhaps not even in the author's mind, one may decipher it as meaning that the larger view was an unprejudiced attitude towards life. As such, one would seriously doubt whether such an attitude is the monopoly of the Bolshevik revolution, as the author tries to prove in the actions of his hero, Kartashikhin.

The story revolves around the lives of two students—Kartashikhin, an orphan, whose parents were Bolsheviks who perished during the civil war (the father killed in action as a Red commander, and the mother shot by the Whites), and Trubachevsky, whose father, a clarinetist in a symphony orchestra, was obsessed with the idea of methodical orderliness, which drove his wife, also a musician, to divorce him. Therefore, according to the Soviet pattern, Kartashikhin is a serious, tedious plodder who becomes eventually a famous physiologist, and Trubachevsky is a light hearted, dreamy, romantic poet who also becomes famous toward the end of the book as a historian.

The description of the different episodes in the life of the two students is drawn in such detail that whatever action there is in the book drags. These episodes concern the inevitable sex impulse ending in Kartashikhin's finding an ideal wife in Trubachevsky's sweetheart. None of the characters in the novel is convincingly portrayed.

On the whole, the book could hardly appeal to an intellectual reader; as for the general reader, he would be completely lost in the many allusions to the historical past of Russia with which he could hardly be expected to be familiar.

As for the translation, it is frankly bad. E. Leda Swan, the translator, displays ignorance even of such Russian terms as "facultet" of a university, which in Russian means a department of an institution of learning and not the teaching staff, as she translates. The notes appended to the book for the obvious purpose of helping the reader are misleading because they are inaccurate. The Decembrists, a group of intellectuals who staged a revolt against Emperor Nicholas I in December 1825, never attempted to assassinate the Czar as the notes state; nor were there any close friends of Pushkin among the five leaders who were hanged. Such an obvious misstatement as that Pushkin's "Eugene Onegin" was first translated into English by Valentine Snow leads the reader to doubt the authenticity of any of the notes.

L. I. S.

REVOLT ON THE BORDER. By Stanley Vestal. Houghton Mifflin.

BEGGARS' REVOLT. By Maurits Dekker. Doubleday, Doran.

THE CROOKED FURROW. By Jeffery Farnol. Doubleday, Doran.

THE STRUMPET SEA. By Ben Ames Williams. Houghton Mifflin.

The first of these books is a short tale about the Southwest at the time of the Mexican War. The author is so busy with buffalo, Indians, six-shooters, Spanish slang, and contemporary politics that his story never gets moving; his characters never come to life. Which is rather a shame for the Southwest has a fascinating history which has never been novelized properly in spite of the number of writers and pseudo-writers who've built adobe castles in New Mexico.

"Beggar's Revolt" is stronger stuff. We used to think that Motley had set an all-time record in his tales of Spanish cruelty, but Mr. Dekker goes him one better by describing how the soldiers made the captured women go round by chopping them up and chewing the pieces. This seems a little impractical, even for Spaniards described by a Dutchman, but there it is and a lot more of the same.

Mr. Dekker's main trouble as a historical novelist is his failure to mix his ingredients. Whole sections of the book are formal history. Other sections are pure fiction of a fumbling sort. This mightn't be fatal if there were some unifying story, but there isn't—not even a dominant character except William of Orange who is a monument not a man. Worth reading, though, for its history, if you haven't read Motley.

"The Crooked Furrow" is very bad. Mr. Farnol evidently models himself after Smollett and Sterne. The blurb says as much. But he must be aiming at readers who deplore. There isn't a thing in the book which would bring a blush to an old maid's cheek. It's incredibly prissy from start to finish. The style is mottled with kittenish English country-talk. The story is messy and cluttered. Threadbare too. You feel you've read the same thing a dozen times before the blood and life were extracted.

"The Strumpet Sea" is an excellent yarn. Ben Ames Williams is a story-teller who knows how to take an interesting background—South Sea whaling, missionaries, amiable cannibals, etc.—and use it to the best advantage without forgetting that his job is telling a tale. His historical decoration is convincing. His characters are real, alive, and numerous. You care what happens to them, and plenty does. It's easy to observe that he has read Melville and profited thereby, but that's no crime. Everybody should.

J. N. L.

History

THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR. By Carl Russell Fish. Edited by William Ernest Smith. Longmans, Green. 1937. $3.50.

It is a nice point in dialectics as to whether the literary executor is the more to be censured or pitied. It is the conviction of the reviewer that, in justice to the memory of the deceased scholar, unfinished manuscripts should be buried with their authors. The fact that the book now in question was not only far from complete but also was only "in its first long-hand draft" should have furnished additional inducement for its decent interment. The absence of footnotes in the manuscript should have been another argument for its suppression. But it also bears out an old conviction, based on other Fish books and particularly his "Rise of the Common Man," that the author wrote mainly from memory and later added a decorative fringe of more or less adequate citations as a sort of reluctant obeisance to the canons of historical method.

The book itself is largely, as the subtitle states, an interpretation, though there are long sections of detailed statement of facts. Starting with the election of 1860 (but often going back for large batches of earlier data), 177 pages, or over forty-two per cent of Fish's portion of the text, are devoted to the preliminaries of the contest and a comparison of strength of the two republics. Of the rest, thirty-three pages are given to the military phase and a slightly shorter chapter to the blockade. The remainder deals with diplomacy, mobilization, emancipation, and the outcome of the war. Social aspects are mentioned only inci-

Advertisement? You bet.—And a damned good one!

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE BEAST MUST DIE *Nicholas Blake* *(C. Day Lewis)* (Harpers: $2.)	Crime novelist Felix Lane plots murder as revenge on hit-&-run driver, but it takes Nigel Strangeways to discover who really killed Gloucestershire road-hog.	Extremely ingenious plotting, with Felix Lane's diary leading reader by the nose, provides double surprise in excellent super-literate baffler.	Don't miss it

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dentally. Little is said about the Sanitary Commission, the Christian Commission, the bustling industrial activity of the North, or the demoralization of economic life in the South, almost nothing about life in the armies or the medical history of the war. The interpretation is almost solely Fish's. The only contribution of the last twenty years which receives any consideration is Owsley's "State Rights and the Downfall of the Confederacy."

The author had a better understanding of the South than is found in many books on the war, and the reader is allowed to see two sides in the conflict. Most controversial characters, such as Buchanan and McClellan, are treated in the traditional manner, and Douglas with friendly doubt. The language is often delightful, but sometimes painfully tiresome. On occasions the statements are not only confusing, but positively contradictory.

While various phases of the war are skipped over lightly or omitted entirely, the author takes twenty pages to explain why the Northern states refused to back down on their personal liberty laws, and in doing so he chases Puritan thought from Plymouth Rock to the Peace Conference of 1860. This book will be prized mainly by the friends and former students of Mr. Fish.

F. A. S.

Poetry

THE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. Oxford University Press. 1938. $2.25.

This is the Shakespeare Head Press Edition of the works of Shakespeare gathered into one volume and printed in clear and beautiful type. The distinguished Elizabethan scholar, Arthur Henry Bullen, prepared the text. The plays are arranged in chronological order. The narrative and other poems and sonnets complete a book notable for its readability, authoritative editorship, compactness, and completeness. A remarkable feat of publishing.

W. R. B.

ENGLISH PASTORAL POETRY. By William Empson. Norton. 1938. $2.50.

Mr. Empson's thesis is, briefly, that the pastoral process is sociological. Whether the method be serious (the pastoral character is the Worker, the Natural Man) or comic (the Clown, the Child, the Fool), it implies a mutually gratifying relation between rich and poor, high and low, artist and worker: the latter is better because he has "better 'sense' than his betters and can say things more fundamentally true; he is 'in contact with nature,' which the complex man needs to be, so that Bottom is not afraid of the fairies; he is in contact with the mysterious forces of our own nature, so that the clown has the wit of the Unconscious; he can speak the truth because he has nothing to lose." Moreover, this Proletarian (whatever form he may take) may sometimes be identified with the Scapegoat, the Sacrificial Hero—Mr. Empson cites Macheath, the hero of "The Beggar's Opera"—and so become the most powerfully significant of all possible critics of society.

The great value of this book lies not so much in its thesis as in the brilliant and subtle criticism incidental to its elaboration. Eight years ago Mr. Empson published "Seven Types of Ambiguity," an exhaustive, almost maddeningly complex study of the various planes of meaning that a poem, a phrase, or, indeed, a single word may suggest. The method was that of minute analysis—no possible ambiguity or pun, however strained, however faint, escaped notice—and the survivor of that book could never again read a poem "straight": his mind must be always groping for under-meanings and over-meanings, and usually managing to find them even when they were not there to be found.

This method, dispersed, in "Seven Types," and largely an exuberant kind of *logopaegnia*, is more compelling here because its purpose is centralized. The pastoral impulse is pursued through various fields, some of them characteristically and perversely improbable, all of them at least defensible. The analysis of plays and poems, even when it is most wild (and it is often very wild indeed), is completely fascinating: the author, who has apparently read everything ever written in English and who manages to cite a great deal of the *corpus* in this record, does not know how to be dull.

The book opens with a discussion of Proletarian Literature which should be memorized by all propagandists in art. The next chapters, which are the most provocative, deal with "double plots"; there is a masterly discussion of "Troilus and Cressida," but the quest is by no means confined to drama: Swift and Donne, for instance, are briefly examined. The Shakespeare sonnet "They that have power to hurt and will do none" (described as "Twist of Heroic-Pastoral Ideas into an Ironical Acceptance of Aristocracy") and Marvell's "Thoughts in a Garden" ("The Ideal Simplicity Approached by Resolving Contradictions") are then completely anatomized. The pastoral impulse is being strained dreadfully when it is made the basis of a discussion of Bentley's unhappy revision of the text of Milton; but it recovers all its force in the study of "The Beggar's Opera" and the somewhat Sunday-supplement Freudian interpretation of "Alice in Wonderland."

The faults of the book are soon apparent. The style is awkward; but even if it were not crabbed, elliptical, jittery, this would still be extraordinarily difficult reading: the pages are so packed, the ideas (as in a Shakespeare metaphor) come so rapidly, that if the attention flags for a moment the argument is lost and the reader must start the paragraph over again. And it must be confessed that a great deal of the author's twisting and turning seems little more than an eccentric kind of literary sleight-of-hand. Nevertheless, it is impossible to be too grateful for the critical method itself: the insistence upon the phrase, the word; the criticism of a poem on the basis not of what might have been said or ought to have been said, but of what *was* said. This criticism is rarer than one generally supposes; and Mr. Empson is one of its most brilliant exponents.

D. F.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

SILVERMINE TAVERN & GALLERIES—THE OLD MILL—An old-time country inn at the water's edge—outdoor dining terraces. Booklet. Norwalk, Conn. Tel. 88.

THE ANCHORAGE. Yarmouthport, Cape Cod, Mass. Accessible to beach, golf, Cape Play House. Dine in garden or before wood fires. Guest House.

"GREEN SHADOWS," Old Lyme, Conn. A delightful place for a vacation. Good food. Reasonable rates.

BEN JONSON MIGHT HAVE BEEN OUR GUEST had the Hotel Standish Hall been built 322 years earlier and in England. But his loss is your gain. Here is a New York hotel most conveniently situated for literary people. It is near the cultural center of the city (and away from its blaring traffic and glaring lights). Standish Hall is just off Central Park West, and it faces the Hayden Planetarium and the American Museum of Natural History. The Metropolitan Museum of Art and the New York Public Library may be reached quickly. Several rooms cost what you would pay for one at many a downtown caravansary. Newly furnished and decorated suites—parlor, bedroom, bath and pantry or kitchenette—from $120 to $145 a month. Kitchenettes have refrigerators and gas stoves for those who wish to practice their local cookery. But the hotel has an excellent dining room. Please identify yourself as an SRL reader when writing for reservations. Harry A. Day, Manager, Hotel Standish Hall, 45 W. 81st St., New York City.

"MIRAMAR": The picturesque, in quaint old Ipswich, Mass. Artists' mecca, honeymooners' delight, beach, drives, golf. $2 night, breakfast. Tel. 199-M.

STARLIT LODGE in the Poconos. Cresco, Penna., offers a restful vacation with quiet cultured people and a beautiful mountain view. Altitude 1,200 feet. Moderate rates. Christian patronage. Folder on request.

INDEPENDENCE OF THE COUNTRY; advantages of the city; fine large home and grounds. Omaha, Nebraska; magnificent view Missouri River and Iowa bluffs. For sale. Box 850-C.

PAGE CURRIER & IVES. Old York State atmosphere with metropolitan comfort. Hospitable Dutch farmstead, secluded in the foothills with flowers, brook, giant shade trees. Interesting, different cookery, abundant farm products. Amiable guests of Christian background. Nearly booked for August. Telephone: The Farm on the Hill, Kingston 687 J1 (35c any evening) for reservations. $21.00 weekly.

VACATION in a modern Vermont farmhouse with cottage and small pool in nearby pines. Fireplaces, electricity, bathroom, comfortable beds, good food. No traffic—a quiet restful place for body and soul. Edith King, Benson, Vermont.

CORRESPONDENCE CLEARING-HOUSE for the intellectually marooned. NOT for lonely Hearts. Box 1267, San Francisco.

COLONIAL COUNTRY HOME, Beautiful Gardens, All Improvements, offers Hospitality to few guests August and September, Terms on Request—Miss E. A. Seward, R.F.D. New Hampton, Orange Co., N. Y.

NOTICE TO TEACHERS: RUGGLES FOUNDATION, 262 South Prospect Street, Burlington, Vermont, Near University of Vermont, overlooking Lake Champlain, the Green and Adirondack Mountains. Residence for Retired Women Teachers of refinement. All comfort of modern homes. Permanent residents preferred. Endowment makes moderate rates possible. References required. Further information furnished on request.

I WILL undertake to secure sponsors for a few more experienced women speakers in Western, Middle Western and Southern cities to talk on books, plays, and other cultural topics next winter. Box 858-C.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LA LUZ, NEW MEXICO—Autumn days out here sparkle like champagne. Sunbathe in our patio and just look at the mountains. Or fork a horse and explore them, stopping overnight at real ranch houses. We know you'll enjoy yourself. Have a grand vacation. For details write Mr. & Mrs. Osborne Wood, Mi Casa, La Luz.

CLASSIFIED

ADVERTISING RATES for this Classified Department are as follows: For twenty or more consecutive insertions for any copy, minimum twelve words, 6 cents a word each insertion; for any less number of insertions, 8 cents a word each insertion. Copy may be changed every week. The forms close Friday morning, eight days before publication date. Address Department E. W., The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, telephone BRyant 9-0896.

FIRST EDITIONS

FIRST EDITIONS, FINE PRESS. CATALOGUES. PHILIP DUSCHNESS, 507 Fifth Avenue, New York.

OUT-OF-PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT books promptly supplied. National Bibliophile Service, 321 Fifth Avenue, New York.

OLD & OUT-OF-PRINT books searched for and reported without charge. Good books bought in any quantity. C. L. Pyetell, 860 West 181st Street, N. Y.

BARGAIN OFFERS

20% Discount for cash. Schulte's Semi-annual Sale over 500,000 Books in stock. Catalogue mailed free. Schulte's Bookstore, 80 Fourth Ave.

20% AND BETTER—Cash discount Sale on choice stock. Ending August 17th. Quotations on request. GOTHAM BOOK MART, 51 West 47th, New York.

FOREIGN

FRENCH BOOKS OF ALL FRENCH PUBLISHERS. Largest assortment. Catalogue 20c (stamps). FRENCH BOOK COMPANY, 556 Madison Avenue, New York's LARGEST French Bookshop.

LITERARY SERVICES

MATHILDE WEIL: LITERARY AGENT. Books, stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed. Play, scenario and radio departments. Ghostwriting, editing, typing. The WRITER'S WORKSHOP, Inc. General Electric Building, 570 Lexington Ave., New York.

PROFESSIONAL editors offer specific critical help, editing all manuscripts. Letitia S. Pendleton, Maria Leach, 17 East 96th Street, N. Y.

COMPLETE MANUSCRIPT PLACEMENT service—Stories, Books, Novels sold. Editorially recognized in placement of fiction and non-fiction. Highly recommended criticism, editing, revision for publication. Information on request. New authors assisted. LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT, 47 West 42nd Street, New York.

EDITING, REVISION, GHOST-WRITING, COLLABORATION. Stories, articles, theses, books. Excellent credentials. MARY DOUGLAS, 600 W. 113th Street, New York. UNiversity 4-6974.

STORIES, MANUSCRIPTS, VERSE, BOOKS criticized, revised, marketed. No reading charge. Send MSS. New writers helped. MARANATHA BUILDERS, 156 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C.

BOOK PLATES

LARGE ASSORTMENT to choose from. Album loaned, 10c. The Bookplaters, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBERS OF MAGAZINES at Abraham's Bookstore, 141 Fourth Avenue, N. Y.

GENERAL

BOOKS EXCHANGED. A postal brings details. R. H. Haas, 299 Madison Avenue, New York City.

NEW AND SECOND HAND BOOKS. In or out of print. IF IT'S A BOOK WE MAY HAVE IT. MENDOZA'S, 15 Ann St. OLDEST OLD BOOK SHOP IN NEW YORK.

Double-Crostics: No. 229

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

1-C	2-A	3-P	■	4-J	5-T	6-R	7-W	8-M	9-Q	10-U	11-N	12-A	13-X	■	14-S	15-U
16-J	17-X	18-K	19-N	20-G	■	21-U	22-F	23-S	24-Z	25-W	26-P	27-B	28-R	■	29-O	30-Q
31-G	■	32-J	33-T	34-P	35-K	36-N	■	37-W	38-Z	39-I	40-O	41-S	42-H	43-D	■	44-A
45-I	46-D	■	47-N	48-F	49-B	50-A	51-U	52-K	53-V	54-Y	■	55-O	56-S	57-C	58-M	59-U
■	60-D	61-H	■	62-C	63-T	■	64-I	65-F	66-X	67-U	68-L	69-E	■	70-I	71-L	72-A
73-C	■	74-V	75-R	76-Q	■	77-W	78-J	79-Z	80-I	81-S	82-N	■	83-C	84-A	■	85-Q
86-F	87-R	■	88-F	89-W	90-M	91-G	92-H	93-K	■	94-B	95-V	■	96-O	■	97-D	98-K
99-U	100-N	■	101-O	102-V	■	103-G	104-C	105-B	106-X	107-H	■	108-P	109-E	110-A	■	111-A
112-L	113-Y	114-U	115-H	116-V	■	117-D	118-J	■	119-C	■	120-W	121-K	122-L	123-Z	124-Q	125-I
126-H	127-G	128-T	129-F	130-P	131-X	132-R	133-Y	■	134-V	135-R	■	136-Y	137-F	138-C	139-E	■
140-V	■	141-G	142-Q	143-K	144-M	145-N	146-R	147-Y	■	148-W	149-J	150-R	151-K	■	152-L	153-D
154-V	■	155-H	■	156-P	157-F	158-Y	159-R	160-K	161-X	■	162-I	163-E	164-Q	■	165-O	166-T
167-R	■	168-Q	169-H	170-V	171-G	■	172-F	173-N	174-K	175-P	176-I	177-L	178-E	179-J	180-M	181-T

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 20 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. One of the Fates (Greek).

B. Son of Seth.

C. Iridescent.

D. Maiden name of author of "Frankenstein."

E. Giant personifying the inhospitable sea (Norse).

F. Intrepidity.

G. Disturbed, agitated.

H. Persons of distinction.

I. Novel by Scott.

J. Duplex.

K. Makes thin or slender.

L. Hero of novel by Howells.

M. English poet (1795-1821).

N. Inalienable.

O. Chinese town with tombs of Ming Dynasty.

P. Precious stones—commonly red.

Q. Book of travels by Longfellow (comp.).

R. Not easily deduced.

S. Daughter of Tantalus, changed into weeping stone.

T. Character in "Twelfth Night."

U. Anything causing oblivion.

V. Charles I.'s chief adviser.

W. Goods, movables.

X. Author of "Lead Kindly Light."

Y. Gun dog.

Z. Major divisions of time.

WORDS

111 44 12 2 110 84 72 50

105 49 94 27

62 57 83 73 119 1 138 104

43 117 46 97 60 153

109 69 139 178 163

86 157 88 129 65 137 48 22 172

127 20 141 91 103 171 31

42 169 61 155 126 92 115 107

70 125 39 176 64 80 162 45

16 32 78 118 149 179 4

143 151 35 18 52 121 98 93 160 174

68 152 122 71 112 177

144 8 180 58 90

173 47 36 145 82 19 11 100

29 96 165 40 101 55

156 130 34 26 3 108 175

30 142 85 124 164 168 76 9

6 150 146 135 87 167 132 75 28 159

23 41 56 14 81

166 181 63 5 128 33

99 10 67 15 21 114 59 51

53 74 170 140 95 102 134 116 154

25 7 77 89 148 37 120

161 13 17 66 106 131

147 54 136 113 133 158

123 79 38 24

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

☞Old Q. is a collector of Advertising Slogans (the word *slogan*, incidentally, is Highland for War Cry). ☞For instance, Great Western champagne: "for life's great moments." ☞Lentheric's *Shanghai* (a perfume): "quiet but strangely persistent," and "for the competitive hours of evening." ☞The now forgotten Tabard Inn Library: "with all the red tape on the box." ☞The Atlanta *Constitution:* "covers Georgia like the dew." ☞The U. S. A.:—"God's Country." ☞We ourself once composed a slogan for a book: "will sell slowly and live long." ☞It was at least 50% accurate. ☞But, for the Competitive Hours of Evening, some further suggestions. ☞To know what happened to a parsoon who quoted Frank Harris in a sermon, Robert Hichens' *Secret Information.* This novel is a Dark Horse for those who prefer sauterne to tapioca. ☞For some exercise in lucid ratiocination, Levy's *Cardozo and the Frontiers of Legal Thinking.* ☞For push-overs of the completely screwy, Blake's *The World is Mine.* ☞For mugwumps of the occult and the Magic Square, Claude Bragdon's *More Lives Than One.* ☞For the life of a country medico who has had everything but quintuplets, the already famous *Horse and Buggy Doctor.* ☞For those who really wish to dig a little under the topsoil of consciousness, J. W. Dunne's *The Serial Universe.* ☞As a mystic poor Old Q. is only so-so, believing that too deliberate or reckoned occultism is the gardenias: yet he confesses innocent happiness in all sorts of private totem and taboo. ☞When, for instance, riding in a train, he found that the number of the car was 1696 which adds up to 22, the Numerologist's bliss; and the car next to it was 2216, the "Electrical Eleven." ☞There are many kinds of brooding less innocent than these. ☞R. Buckminster Fuller's *Nine Chains to the Moon,* to be published next month, opens with 22 daring predictions of social and economic events that Mr. Fuller believes will take place by July 12, 1948. ☞7/12/48 reckoned numerologically is also the Supreme Twenty-Two. ☞These predictions were so carefully guarded by the author that he withheld them even from the publishers and inserted them after the final proofreading. But even in his mood of vaticination Mr. Fuller preserves a genial sense of reality and humor: after some extraordinarily shrewd economic forecasts he concludes, as Prediction 22: "No change in the way of a man with a maid, and vice versa." ☞Perhaps the most considerable of Fuller's scientific projections is his examination of the Northwest Spiral of Civilization (generally along the 32° low-temperature isotherm). ☞But interested as we are in his discussion we must abide the publication date.

☞Those who could not go to France this summer can make up for it in the noble descriptions of Mont St. Michel in Roger Vercel's new book, published August 30. ☞The great reception given the flying Celt Corrigan on his return from Ireland showed subconsciously the world's delight in any kind of unwarlike achievement. ☞We have tried, in this summer of unparalleled humid mildew, to keep our mind cool and dry, but there have been moments when most of the world seemed rather dicky. ☞"Power, the useful brute, is past control." ☞The final volume of *The Letters of Henry Adams,* announced for next month by Houghton Mifflin, should be a fecund collection for study. In one of the last of his letters (spring 1918) Adams said:—

"I am, for the first time in fifty years, surrounded by talk of war and weapons, which I cannot escape and which have less meaning to me now, than they had then, although aëroplanes are sailing up and down under my windows at all hours, as though I were myself a master of Aëroplane Horse in a new universe of winged bipeds. It is only twenty years since my friend, Professor Langley, at my table, talked about all these things as dreams of the future, and we're already wishing to heaven that they had remained dreams of the past."

☞We were pleased to hear that the Harvard University Library has acquired that remarkable collection of letters of John Jay Chapman which Miss Steloff (of the Gotham Book Mart) once found in London. ☞Speaking of Harvard, Old Q. had a few moments in the Yard one hot afternoon. Speiring around he looked at random into a room in Hollis, found that it had once been George Santayana's—and now occupied by two ladies of the Summer School. ☞Glad that Cornelius Weygandt, in his forthcoming *Philadelphia Folks* (a book of most agreeable reminiscence) is going to say something about Philly's good grub. There is no town anywhere that has a more serious regard for the pleasures of the table. ☞Devilled Crabs instead of a devilled world is Philadelphia's motto. ☞Oh, fatal Fish House Punch! ☞After years of absence—at least a dozen—Old Q. in a rambling mood stopped in at the Old Chop House on Cedar Street, which has served meals since 1800, and found Harry Kramer still just as active with those five-inch collops. ☞We recalled with amusement that about the year 1920 we were asked not to smoke a pipe there; how times have changed. ☞Eccentric old Peter Greig still writes his *Wine and Food Newsletter* with a cunning hand; sitting in his pantry on Madison Avenue he teases us with come-on about clam broth, sauterne cup with apricots, Spanish mayonnaise and Rum Collins. But we don't mention Peter Greig's address because he doesn't seem to be reading any books.

A Novel of Coming of Age

VOICES IN THE SQUARE

BY GEORGE ABBE

The Critics say—

"He shows inoffensively, but plainly, the frankly dirty curiosity and preoccupation about sex that goes on in the mind of every boy. He makes the reader comprehend that it is like the compost heap in the garden, filthy, and steaming hot, and natural and fertilizing and necessary. That is not a small achievement."—*Book-of-the-Month Club News*

"It brings a fresh and searching new talent to the American novel."—*Stephen Vincent Benét*

"A first novel of great achievement."
—*Basil Davenport*

"Stirring . . . eager . . . vigorous . . . carries more portent in it than any other recent first novel."
—*The Saturday Review*

At All Bookstores • $2.50 • COWARD-McCANN • 2 *W. 45th St, N. Y.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED